

MAXIMS,
~~CHARACTERS~~

AND

REFLECTIONS,

CRITICAL, SATYRICAL, and MORAL.

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH

ALTERATIONS ADDITIONS and

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

By Mr. & Mrs. Greville

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.

POPE.

Et moi aussi je suis Peintre !

MONTESQUIEU.

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P R E F A C E

To the FIRST EDITION.

EVERY one, I believe, has his moments of reflection; I have had mine. My mind has frequently been filled with images, and busied in arranging and comparing them; in forming principles, and drawing conclusions: These ideas I found it difficult wholly to retain, and wholly to dismiss; they were continually recurring, tho' not without some confusion, because they were continually increasing; so that I was at length urged, by a kind of necessity, to throw them out upon paper, merely that I might relieve my memory, and indulge my imagination in new pursuits without distraction. When they were once written, I felt

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the same desire to discharge them from my cabinet, as I had felt to discharge them from my mind; and as I had before thrown out my thoughts upon paper, I have now thrown my papers into the world.

It is, however, of little consequence to the reader, what may have been my motive for offering him this little book; he will undoubtedly consider only how far it pleases him: I hasten then to say what appears to me not improper for him to know, before he commences my judge.

In the first place I must observe, that there are about a dozen sentences among the maxims, that are extremely like some that occur in LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, or LA BRUIERE; it is therefore necessary to prevent a charge of plagiarism by declaring that I first read those celebrated authors, after the maxims in question were written, and in consequence of having written them, and some hundred more which I have not brought into this collection. As the similitude of those passages is a very considerable proof that the sentiment they contain is true, I
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was for that reason determined to admit them ; and upon this occasion I would remark, that if I had justly suffered as a plagiarist, truth would even then have suffered with me ; for the moment we read what we think unfairly borrowed, we are so offended at the dissimulation which would appropriate the merit of another, that we pay no regard to the sentiment itself, nor give ourselves leisure to consider a moment whether it is true or false, trivial or important ; so strong is the natural love of justice among men !

It is farther necessary to apprise my reader, that he will here and there detect me in the use of words and expressions that are wholly French ; but before he censures me as guilty either of negligence or affectation, let him try to find an English word or expression that includes precisely the same idea : if he cannot, he must necessarily acquit me ; and if he can, I shall envy him the discovery and wish it had been mine.

It is certainly true, however little to be accounted for, that the inhabitants of every country have a peculiar characteristic, by

which they are distinguished from all others. Every language therefore must have peculiar advantages and disadvantages ; it must be more adapted to express those ideas that have a particular connection with the prevailing genius and temper of the people that use it, and must be less adapted to express those ideas which have a particular connection with the temper and genius of others. As to the different characteristics of France and England, they will be best distinguished by a view of each as represented by the other ; because the peculiarities of each being then exaggerated, will be more easily discerned. If we believe what a Frenchman would say of England, and an Englishman of France, we shall conclude that one of these Countries is gawdy and fantastic, the other destitute of fancy ; one idly volatile, the other solemnly busy ; that one is profligate in her manners, the other wants gallantry ; one is too fond of company, and the other of solitude ; one is trifling, the other formal ; one is too much in jest, the other too much in earnest ; one carries the gaiety of conversation between the sexes into indelicacy and libertinism, the other renders it insipid by an auk-

awkward reserve in one sex, and an ungraceful bashfulness in the other; one reasons too much, the other too little: in the productions of imagination one indulges a wild and licentious luxuriancy, the other is too tamely fond of exactness, propriety, and rule; for as one is more extensive in her ideas, so is she less precise; and as the other is less extensive, so is she more precise. It is not here necessary, to draw the line of truth between these two accounts; it is sufficient to observe, that there is at least a propensity in the two nations to these excesses, and that when they err, they err in every particular on opposite sides. The general difference is now much less than it was ten years ago: whether we shall continue to approach each other till we meet, or whether we shall withdraw into our original limits, time only can determine.

By this sketch it may, I think, be seen where the strength of the two languages lies: the English language has greater depth and compass, and is therefore capable of more force and elegance than the French; but at the same time it has less refinement and pre-

cision : and though with respect to subjects of importance it has a greater variety of words ; yet with respect to objects of taste, to the delicacies of manner and conversation, the nice distinctions of modes of behaviour, and all the numberless refinements of society, it is comparatively poor. Upon this occasion, perhaps, I may be permitted to observe, that our language is copious and expressive not only by the number of words, but by the various senses in which the same word is used : but this, although it frequently produces a beauty, sometimes renders a passage ambiguous and obscure ; especially in unconnected aphorisms, where truth is compressed into a small compass, and can receive no illustration from antecedent or subsequent passages. Our language also seems to want accuracy and precision, by having no genders ; so that the words, *it, they, that, those*, and other relatives, are not so easily referred to their particular antecedents : for this reason, perhaps, some have thought the French language better adapted to express independent truths in short maxims than ours. And indeed, if it be allowed that the English language is capable of equal perspicuity with
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the French, it must be acknowledged that it is at least more difficult to render it thus perspicuous, as the number of words out of which the choice is to be made is greater; and many of those that offer are so uncertain in their signification, that they may be read in a sense very different from that in which they were written: in this instance, therefore, the disadvantage of our language results from its abundance, as the advantage of the French from its poverty. If my thoughts are expressed with any degree of strength and elegance, I desire to acknowledge my obligation to the language in which I write; and if they should happen also to be expressed with perspicuity, by a happy choice of words, I must confess that they owe this in a great degree to the advantage which resulted from my communicating them to others, and hearing their expression of my sentiment.

As to the sense which my maxims or characters contain, I offer it only as *my* opinion, and would by no means be thought to impose it upon others. I neither expect, nor think I have reason to expect, that in
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every particular it will be universally received as true : men differ from men too much to see objects in the same light, or draw the same conclusions from the same principles. The reader will however, I think, easily see, that my thoughts are such as naturally arose from a perusal of that great miscellany, the living world ; and are not contrived to support any favourite theory, which I had either formed or adopted in a library or a college ; and therefore, before he concludes that I am mistaken, I hope he will have recourse to the same school, and try me not by opinion but experience, not by logic but by life.

BUT as I know some will charge me with error, I know also that I cannot hope to please all who admit my notions to be true. I know that our neighbours the French are pleased with a sententious and unconnected manner of writing ; and that in general we are not. The cause of this difference of taste between two nations so eminent for genius and learning, I shall not here attempt to assign ; though I think that in some degree it might easily be done.

BUT

BUT that I might as much as possible accommodate myself to the taste of my country, I have extended and rendered more explicit many of my short maxims, which, though they reflected my own ideas to myself, might have wanted explanation to others. I have also added characters, which in many instances have given me an opportunity, not only of shewing the reader the concatenation of ideas that has either flowed from or produced my original maxim, but also of attempting some nicer touches of sentiment satire or humour.

I HAVE also added some short pieces of poetry that are not quite foreign to my general design, and some few criticisms on received opinions which did not appear to me to be just.

SOMETIMES the maxim is illustrated but in part, and sometimes indeed the maxim and character have no connection at all. The maxims themselves are in some few instances ranged so as to throw a light upon each other, though in other instances they

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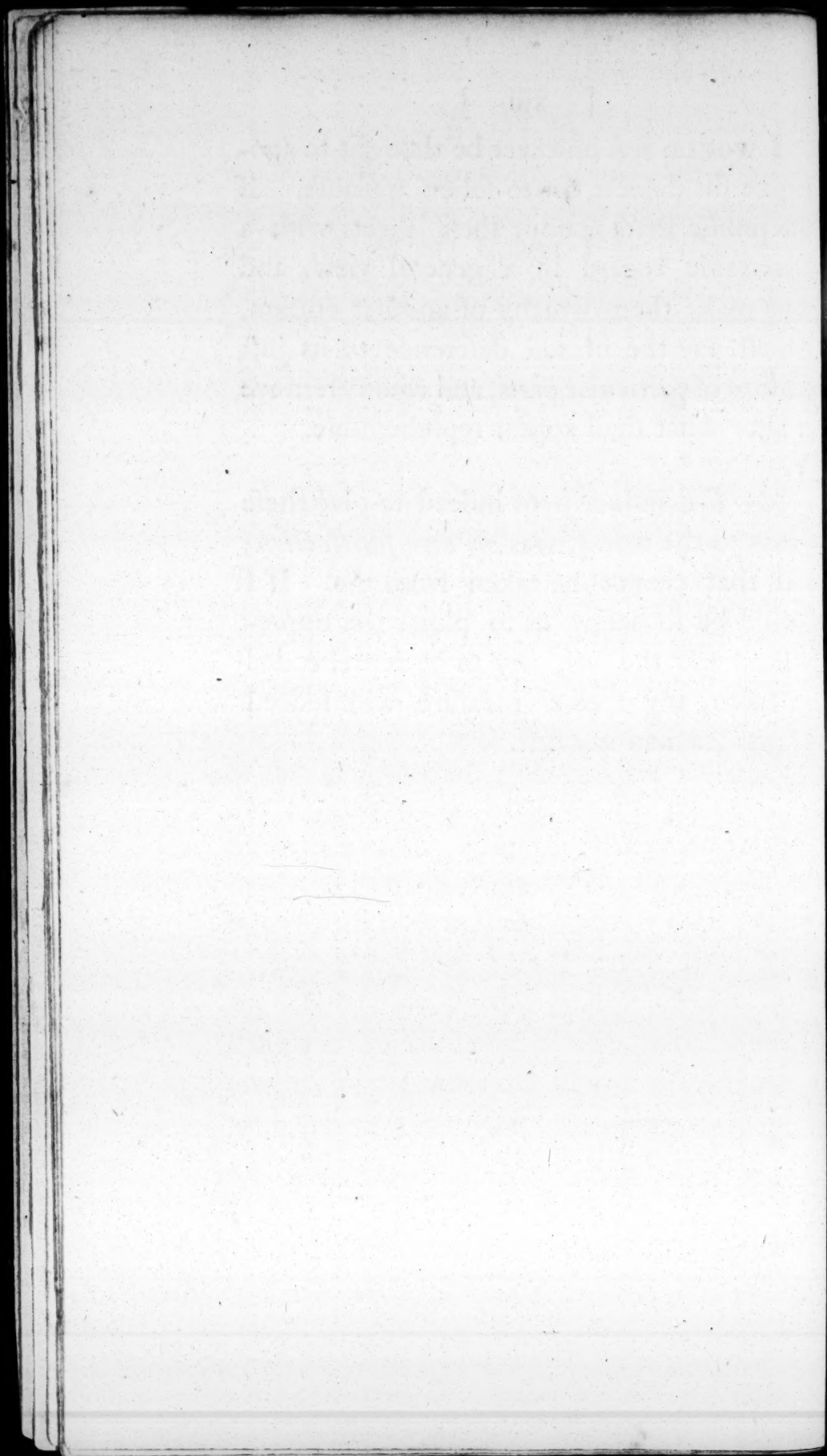
are wholly unconnected; and sometimes, though they have a common relation to the same subject, are separated by design. It must be left to the intelligent reader to distinguish these particulars, and to see the author's different view in the various and very different parts of this work.

I DOUBT not but that my book has now many defects, and it will every day have more; for such parts as allude to fashions and customs, must necessarily lose not only their force and propriety, but even their meaning, as those fashions and customs change and are forgotten; nay the finer is a stroke of satire or humour, particularly if the expression be ironical, the sooner it is liable to be lost. The next winter may, perhaps, render me unintelligible in some parts where I am now best understood: even while I am writing, my subject eludes me; and my labour may, in that respect perhaps, be compared to that of a painter, who should attempt to delineate the figure of a cloud, which is every moment changing its shape, and will in a short time totally disappear.

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I WOULD not however be thought to apologize for defects, or to solicit applause. If the public shall honour these sheets with a favourable regard in a general view, and thus make them worthy of another edition, I shall pay the utmost deference to its just censure of particular parts, and readily remove or alter what shall appear reprehensible.

MY first inducement indeed to give these sheets to the world, was *my own satisfaction*; and that cannot be taken from me. If I should be so happy as to please the unprejudiced and the just, nay to be reprehended by them, my second pleasure will indeed be greater than my first.



P R E F A C E

To the SECOND EDITION

By the EDITOR.

THE author of these Maxims Characters and Reflections imagined, that, as he did not put his name to the work, he would not have been generally known: but he was not sufficiently acquainted with the numerous avenues, by which every literary performance may be traced to its author; nor of the diligence, with which the search after these troublers of mankind is made. It is, indeed, common for writers to attempt, with great care and solicitude, to conceal themselves 'till the general opinion of their performance can be known, that they may
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be able to claim the honour of commendation, without being exposed to the disgrace of censure. But as there are few unsuccessful writers, whom censure does not find out; so there are few of those that have succeeded, whom praise has not made willing to be known: but the author of this work, as he was not anxiously watchful to hide himself by every possible art of concealment, while the fate of his book was in suspense; neither is he now willing to be more explicitly known, though a general approbation has made another impression of it necessary.

It was soon known, that this edition would be required at a time when he could not be present; he, therefore, immediately began to fulfill his promise to the public, by “removing or altering such particular parts as were found reprehensible,” and put his corrected copy into my hands as a trustee for the public. In discharge of this trust, I now send it to the press; and have prefixed, at his request, a short account of the alterations that have taken place, and the reasons upon which they are founded.

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THE *most common* objection to the work, as it stood in the first edition, was, that it abounded with French expressions, and allusions to French customs, which an English reader could not understand, and which it was not worth his while to learn. To obviate this objection, many of the articles that produced it are omitted; though the author flattered himself, that they would have been considered as illustrations of the remarks in his preface, concerning the different excellencies of the two languages: and if some French words still remain, it is hoped that they will be referred to those for whom they were intended, without incurring the severe censure of others; especially, as the attempts to translate them have shewn, that they could not be translated.

THE *principal objection*, indeed, is against the maxims, which are said to be obscure; and this objection it is much more difficult to obviate, though it is easy to apologize for that upon which it is founded.

A MAXIM will not admit the same degree of perspicuity as a discourse, even supposing

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it to coincide with opinions that are generally received, and to relate only to subjects that are generally known ; but it is the excellency of a maxim to inculcate truths that are *contrary* to received opinions, and point out refinements that are *not* generally known : so that perhaps a maxim will be *less* perspicuous, in proportion as it is *more* excellent ; though it is not pretended that any part of the excellence lies in the obscurity, but only that the obscurity is a defect necessarily connected with this excellence, as the quality of those medicines which strengthen the stomach always renders them offensive to the taste.

It may also be alleged, as an apology for the obscurity of these maxims, that the same objection was not only brought but admitted against those of LA ROCHEFOUCAULT. This appears by a short preface to one of the editions of that celebrated work, from which the following paragraph is extracted as it wholly anticipates what might be said on the present occasion.

“ MANY

“ MANY persons have thought these reflections obscure, not only in the expression but in the sense. Obscurity, however, is not always the fault of the writer. Reflections, or maxims and sentences, as the world has called these, ought always to be written in a close style, which does not admit the utmost degree of perspicuity; they are the outlines of a picture, at which a common spectator will gaze without knowing what is intended, or approving what is done, though a skilful eye will immediately perceive and admire the beauty of the painter’s design, and the masterly strokes of his art; for though the outlines of a sketch are not filled up with colours, yet they are not less the work of a master. The whole force and import of the words in which a maxim is delivered, cannot always be *immediately conceived; and the mind must STRETCH to all the extent of their signification*, before a judgment can be formed.”

This is the apology for the confessed obscurity of La ROCHEFOUCAULT: whether it will equally justify the author of this

work, must be left to the judgment of others. That nothing, however, might be wanting which he was able to supply, he has changed the expression, wherever it was thought possible to produce greater perspicuity by such an alteration; and where the expression of a maxim, not generally understood, could not be changed to advantage, the meaning is illustrated by a note.

BUT as it has been objected against some of these maxims that they were obscure, it has also been objected against others that they are too obvious. All the maxims, against which this objection has been brought, would have been immediately excluded, if the objectors had in general fixed upon the same; but this agreement scarce ever happened: on the contrary, the very maxim which one reader condemned as trite and self evident, was censured by another as obscure. It must indeed, necessarily happen, that, among a number of persons who have been placed in various classes of life, and whose studies or employments, capacities and dispositions have been widely different, some will have made certain principles or ideas familiar to their minds

minds, with which others are wholly unacquainted; and if every sentiment was to be left out that some mind had made familiar, nothing would remain either of this book or any other. No author has ever yet pretended to monopolize the mines of knowledge, and to think in every instance as no other has ever thought, without deviating from truth and nature, which are alike open to all; and the author of this work hoped only to collect, from his own observations, what has seldom been assembled in one mind, though it may have subsisted separately in many. Those maxims, however, which, in the opinion of more than one of his friends, were too common, have been rejected: the number of these, indeed, is small; and for the rest, which are not numerous, it is hoped this apology will be thought sufficient.

It must, however, be remarked, that a maxim may appear to be superficial, merely from its being *superficially read*: he that does not discover the truth that is *implied*, as well as the truth that is *expressed* in a maxim, may be allowed to say, that “ he sees little “ in it ;” but it does not, therefore, follow,

that little is to be seen : many instances of this might here be given, if they were not anticipated by a note, which has been added to N°. 233, to illustrate a reflection upon a number of flies that the sun had invigorated.

BUT the work has received several alterations and improvements, besides those that have been already mentioned. The author has rejected all the poetry, the characters of Arcon, Burrhus, Lucullus and Sophronia, and the article about gardening, partly in compliance with the tastes and opinions of some particular persons, and partly from his own observation of the effect which they have had upon his readers in general : he has added some new articles, to supply the place of those that have been rejected ; and he has revised the whole and brought it again to the test of his own judgment, in consequence of which he has removed and altered many passages, the imperfection of which had escaped the notice of others.

BUT after all, as this book, like almost every other that has attracted the notice of the public, has been the subject of various opinions,

opinions, of much censure and much praise, so it will probably continue to be whatever improvements it may have received by a dispassionate consultation both of friends and foes. To the public it is again submitted; and no attempt can be made either to contest or to restrain their right of passing judgment upon it, without the utmost presumption and absurdity. Let it, however, be remembered, that censure is more frequently a proof of inability to judge, than praise: those who cannot judge of literary merit for themselves, know that the books which are praised by those that can, are comparatively few; it is, therefore, common for them to attempt to secure the reputation of discernment, which they know they do not possess, by a hasty condemnation of every new work. As fewer people are able to judge of maxims than of many other kinds of writing, this work would, for that reason alone, if for no other, be proportionably more exposed to hasty and injudicious censure. Superficial people may form a tolerable judgment of an essay, a novel, and a play; here every thing is expressed that is meant, so that their subject is all before them: on essays, and novels,

and plays, they have heard many disquisitions; and have been often present when general rules to be observed in pieces of this kind have been laid down; so that they have some principles, however imperfect, by which their judgment is directed: they also feel themselves disposed to commend these performances, by the effect which they produce upon the passions; and when their pity is excited, or their curiosity gratified, they approve, because they are pleased. A maxim, on the contrary, appeals only to their judgment, and concerning the excellencies and defects of a maxim their judgment is wholly uninformed. There are, indeed, many other works of literature, which do not influence the judgment by moving the passions; but the peculiarities of the maxim make the operation of the judgment upon it more difficult and laborious, and consequently the operation can be performed but by few, and by some of this few will be neglected through mere indolence and aversion to close thinking. A maxim is generally a mere assertion, unsupported by argument, and unillustrated by example: he, therefore, that would consider it as a critic, must form
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the arguments both for and against it by the strength of his own mind; he must also, without the influence of persuasion, divest himself of prejudice; and, without the assistance of a perspective or a clue, he must trace effects into causes, and distinguish appearance from reality. It is no wonder, therefore, that a maxim which the writer does not prove to be true, should by many readers be deemed false; or that a sentiment which is not illustrated, should be censured as obscure.

THE characters, which make a considerable part of this work, do not lie under the same disadvantages, nor do they appeal wholly to the judgment; as a picture of life they affect the imagination, and may sometimes please without being just, and thus gain commendation without deserving to be commended.

It must, however, be confessed, that the verbal description of a single character, cannot so easily or so forcibly excite the image of it in the mind, as a dialogue in which it is introduced among others, and as it were
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animated by speech; much less can it produce its effect with the same force and facility as a dramatic representation upon the stage: at a dramatic representation, the mind may be wholly indolent and passive, having nothing to do but to resign itself to the power of another that is exerted for its entertainment; on the contrary, when not only dramatic action, but dialogue is wanting, the character must be animated and *realized* merely by the force of the reader's imagination, before it can be seen to advantage, with whatever power it may have been drawn. But to judge, as a critic, of those characters which are intended to display the minute though distinguishing differences between one man and another, which the innumerable refinements of a life immensely distant from the simplicity of nature has brought into view, requires much more than an active imagination; it requires discriminating judgment, and extensive knowledge. When men had no dwellings but caves or huts, no covering but skins, and no employment but the search after food, there could be no external sign of that difference of taste, disposition and character,

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which is now discovered in the houses, furniture, tables, dress and diversions of different men; and as characteristic differences appear in proportion as life becomes artificial, as new wants are invented, and new modes of supplying them introduced, it follows, that those only to whom the last refinements are known, can discern the nice distinctions of character which they bring into view: the number, therefore, of those who can judge of characters that are drawn to distinguish man from man by such differences, must necessarily be small, because there are but few to whom these refinements are known; and even those that know them will not be able justly to determine, whether the originals are faithfully copied, without a curious and impartial examination which neither indolence nor prejudice can make.

It has, indeed, been objected to some of the characters in this book, that they are not in nature, and of some this charge is acknowledged to be true: but these were intended by the author to represent *his own idea* of perfection, which, though perhaps not absolutely unattainable, was yet never attained;

tained ; and were drawn, not as copies of what is, but as patterns of what *should be*.

As a sketch has now been given of the qualifications which should be possessed by those who would judge with precision of this work, it must be confessed, that, to secure the approbation of such judges, the author must have selected those words that are most suited to express his idea ; he must have adapted his style to his subject, whether it be grave or gay, or elegant or deep ; he must have been perspicuous without verbosity, and rhetorical without affectation : in his MAXIMS he must have detected prejudice, analysed nature, and discovered latent truth ; in his REFLECTIONS he must have been searching, and dispassionate ; and in his CHARACTERS discerning, faithful, and descriptive. But as perfection is not to be expected either in the author or the critic, it is to be hoped that the critic will not be less disposed than the author to grant that indulgence which he wants ; nor less diffident of his ability to judge without error, than I know the author is of his ability to write without fault. It must not, however, be forgot, that he wrote
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because he *had thought* ; and that he did not
 sit down to think because he *would write*.
 This is the best apology for his work to those
 who do not approve it ; and from those who
 do, it must secure him much higher praise,
 than that of having said *witty things*, or
 written a *pretty book*.

*** * *** The Maxims and Characters, in this edition, are numbered, that they might be more easily referred to from the index : but when a Character is added as an illustration of a Maxim, there is but one number common to both.

MAXIMS, &c.

I.

A MAXIM is sometimes like the seed of a plant, which the soil it is thrown into must expand into leaves, and flowers, and fruit; so that great part of it must be *written* as it were by the *reader*.

II.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself*.

III.

HAVE you written a book? and is the subject of it the folly, the pride, the inconsistency of mankind? You will then, if you are at all con-

* These two maxims were intended as introductory to the rest: by the first the reader is prepared to look for something more in these maxims than is minutely expressed; by the second he is warned against precipitancy and prejudice.

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sistent, wish for universal criticism upon it ; that of the wise will enable you to correct what is false, that of the foolish will demonstrate what is true.

IV.

THE best heads can only misjudge in causes belonging to the jurisdiction of the heart.

V.

TRUE delicacy, as true generosity, is more wounded by an offence *from* itself, if I may be allowed the expression, than *to* itself.

VI.

To a generous mind, a refined sentiment of generosity will be striking in proportion to its refinement ; to the discerning mind, a sentiment of penetration will be striking in proportion as it is deep ; and to an exquisite taste, a fine observation upon any artificial or natural beauty, will be striking in proportion as it is delicate and just : but no effect will be produced by such sentiments or observation upon a mind, in which there is nothing congenial with the subject. Such a mind may coldly and implicitly assent to the truth of what is advanced, but it will not *feel* that it is true. It seems, therefore, to follow, that refined observations will *most* please those who *least* need them ; and consequently that it would not be a preposterous, though an unusual inference

inference to suppose that a sentiment may deserve my attention *because* I do not like it.

VII.

As some poisonous animals carry about them an antidote to their own venom, so do most people for the offence they give by slight, hatred, and contempt.

VIII.

VERY nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind; but oftener of a little one.

IX.

SOME men talk sensibly and act foolishly, some talk foolishly and act sensibly; the first laugh at the last, the last cheat the first*.

X.

SAYS VENTOSUS, I am of consequence, pray consider me; I am agreeable, pray seek my company: the world is in this instance so complying, that it takes his word, and gratifies him. Yes, say you, the undiscerning and the foolish; all others see that the man is only vain and impudent. It is true; but while I hear those others cry out against the imposition, I likewise see them comply with the request.

* The author does not mean, that to *cheat* is to *act sensibly* in any other sense, than as every man may be said to act sensibly who takes the most effectual means to obtain his purpose, let his purpose be what it will.

CHRYSAUTES is more sought after than any man I know: he is alike the favourite of the old, the young, the men of parts and the illiterate. No one ever calls him by his surname, or Mr.; it is the smallest diminutive of his christian name that he goes by, and were there any thing in the language correspondent to ANIMULA that would doubtless be his appellation. Adrian could not have invented any thing more fondling for his own soul, than every one would bestow upon this *Mignon*. Hear then the rare qualities that have dignified this *Deliciæ humani generis*. CHRYSAUTES is in his person unwieldy, clumsy, and vulgar, and his countenance is not only correspondent to his figure in regard to his features, but is wholly unanimated and without expression; his behaviour must consequently be equally destitute of grace and delicacy. “What are his morals?” Execrable; all his sensations towards human nature are confined to the little circle of his own person. “But what, then, are his charms?” Nay, if you don’t find them out it is not my fault. Will you sit up? CHRYSAUTES is your man; provided your Champagne be good, or your purse full and exposed to be emptied. Dice, cards, heads or tails, CHRYSAUTES has no choice, he is all complaisance; only if you leave it to him he had rather play for indefinite

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finite fums, and it is very easy for each man to tell his lump. He never mistakes; he will tell you, every time he wins, to a guinea, what he had before him; no man reckons better, or so fast as he: he is the best companion, the *honestest fellow* in the world. "But what is his conversation?" "is it the awful profound of reasoning, or the gay "superficies of wit that thus attracts the literati?" Neither; you are tired with the paradox! — CHRYSANTES has the best cook in the world, the best wines; and a great house whose door *bates the threshold*.

XII.

VANITY is the poison of agreeableness; yet as poison, when artfully and properly apply'd, has a salutary effect in medicine, so has vanity in the commerce and society of the world.

XIII.

WE are never so ready to praise as when we are inclined to detract; and often has one man, nay one nation, been flattered by the commendations of a writer, who really meant no more than to fix a stronger censure upon another.

XIV.

PLEASURE is a *game* for which it will be in vain to try; it must *start* before you, or you'll never find.

XV.

IF you find your friend covetous, hope he is inconsistent too—he has nothing else for it *.

XVI.

NOTHING so difficult as tracing effects up to their causes, nothing so quick as the invention of causes for effects.

XVII.

SOME men are like certain stuffs, beautiful on one side, hideous on the other.

XVIII.

AN unpretending man is never deficient; or if he is, as LA BRUIERE says of ugliness in an agreeable man, "*Cela ne fait pas son effet.*"†

XIX.

THE art of making yourself considerable in the great and gay world, is neither to be defined, nor learnt.

* The meaning is, that a conduct, in every particular consistent with an avaritious principle, would include almost every vice; as a conduct, in every particular consistent with a generous principle, would include almost every virtue: but as this perfect consistency is never found in human actions, the world gains in one instance what it loses in the other.

† We are seldom offended at mere ignorance, but always at false pretensions to knowledge: the principal reason, perhaps, is, that false pretensions, in common with almost all that is odious in human nature, arise from pride; and that principle cannot fail to be hateful in all its appearances, which arrogates a superiority to which it has no right.

XX.

XX.

MEN often prove the violence of their own prejudices, even by the violence with which they attack the prejudices of other people.

XXI.

EVERY character is in some respects uniform, and in others inconsistent; and it is only by the study both of the uniformity and inconsistency, and a comparison of them with each other, that the knowledge of man is acquired.

XXII.

THE great fault of the human understanding, is not the not going well, but the not stopping well.

XXIII.

MERON is a man of quality, and though young, has a considerable office in the government: he is a member of parliament, and has often distinguished himself in it. He has — about three quarters of a good understanding, and — about three quarters of an amiable disposition. — He is noble and generous, but he is not free from pride and ostentation; he is determined in his party, and resolute in his purpose; but then he is obstinate and overbearing: as a companion he is frank and agreeable, but he is supercilious and contemptuous to his inferiors; nay, as he is not very exact, he sometimes mistakes those inferiors. He has certainly what may pass for eloquence, a fine choice of words, and an agreeable

flow, but then he wants taste: his subjects are sometimes ill-chosen, and his eloquence ill-tim'd. MERON has been known to indulge this flow of elocution at social entertainments, which, though it may possibly come within the circle of taste and propriety in Britain, would certainly be thought every where else extremely absurd. The habit of political business, and political speaking, has encouraged him to *speech it* at dinners, at suppers—nay, where there were women as well as men. Then he will sometimes tell you one thing is *premature*, another is what he won't *opiniâtre*, a third is something to which the parties will not *accede*. Then he is too apt—and that indeed is hardly consistent with the rest of his character, or within the circle of Britannic taste—he is too apt to be prolix on a trivial uninteresting subject. He is circumstantial—I had had almost said pathetic—about the regulation of the last year's opera, or the less interesting concerns of a common acquaintance. MERON has these excellencies, but he has also these imperfections: he seems to have made a discovery—I know not whether you will subscribe to it—but he seems to have found out, that the common opinion which places the beauty of conversation in *compressing* our thoughts, is a vulgar error; and that, on the contrary, they should be *dilated* and *spun out*.

XXIV.

PENETRATION seems a kind of inspiration; —
it gives me an idea of prophecy *.

XXV.

ERROR is often nourished by good sense †.

XXVI.

HUMAN knowledge is the parent of doubt.

XXVII.

PLEASURE is the business of the young, business the pleasure of the old.

XXVIII.

THE sense to conduct sense, is worth every other part of it.

XXIX.

NOTHING so easy as to keep up an established character of sense by conversation, nothing so difficult as to acquire one by it; at least a conversation superior to that which keeps it up, may not give it.

* By penetration is meant a natural instinctive sagacity, independent of all that can be acquired by study and experience: it is a gift of foreseeing, in some instances, what shall be; and, therefore, in its nature, as well as in its operations, has some remote resemblance to inspiration and prophecy.

† The meaning is, that the powers of the understanding are frequently employed to defend favourite errors; and that a man of sense frequently fortifies himself in his prejudices, or in false opinions which he received without examination, by such arguments as would not have occurred to a fool.

XXX.

A lively and agreeable man of honour has not only the merit of liveness and agreeableness himself, but that also of awakening them in others.

XXXI.

It is a melancholy consideration, that the difficulty of gaining reputation or riches, should be great in proportion to the want of them.

XXXII.

A MAN must be a fool indeed, if I think him one at the time he is applauding me.

XXXIII.

THE oak which is generally considered as the king of trees, is that also which arrives latest at perfection; and perhaps, in some sense, the same observation may be true with respect to mankind.

POLYDORE and CRATERUS past their childhood together, and received, in every respect, the same education; and yet they came into the world with opposite characters. POLYDORE had what is called *bright parts*, which he neglected to use; CRATERUS had what is called *good solid sense*, which he exerted with constant and unwearied diligence. POLYDORE had so lively a relish for pleasure, that his life was wasted in perpetual dissipation; CRATERUS had so much regard to the *main chance*, that he was never seduced to idleness or irregularity, but improved such talents as he had to the utmost advantage. They both obtained

tained seats in parliament almost as soon as they were of age; and CRATERUS attended at the house with so much punctuality, and so assiduously applied to the subject of every question, that he became almost a man of business the first year. But POLYDORE, all this while, neither knew, nor cared what was doing; he sometimes attended indeed in appearance, but his mind was absent, except in some sudden start of recollection, when he cursed the dull tedious debate that kept him from his pleasures. Thus POLYDORE, with superior natural talents, always appeared inferior to CRATERUS, except in matters of taste, for in these his superiority appeared without an effort; it was the effect of nature, instant and spontaneous: but where a series of principles were to be traced, and connections discovered, CRATERUS had greatly the advantage; for though POLYDORE was more able he was less willing to apply, and the effect of mere indolence was sometimes mistaken for that of incapacity. POLYDORE was many years short of that maturity, at which CRATERUS was arrived: CRATERUS was all he could ever be; POLYDORE, in comparison of what he might be, was as yet nothing. POLYDORE put one in mind of a high-bred pack of true vermin fox-hounds at the beginning of the season, which dash'd, flew, and run riot nobody knows where, and had a spirit that twenty whippers-in could not

not restrain; CRATERUS, of a staunch pack of southerners, which were never off the true scent, but would eat, drink, and comply with all other calls of nature in the height of the chase, though fifty whippers-in should sweat in vain to get them forwards. CRATERUS one day told POLYDORE, that it was a shame for a member to know so little of the business of the house: Pooh—d—n it, says he, I tell you—you are *premature*.

XXXIV.

PRAXITELES is one of those rare geniuses, which, like some plants, rise, bloom, and arrive at perfection almost at once, though they are of the first class. He had scarce entered the world as a man, before he made his way to the top of it; he took his seat in parliament, and he rose up an orator: penetration supplied him with all the advantages which experience bestows upon others. Nature seemed to have animated and adorned the wisdom of age, with all the fire, the gaiety, the lustre of youth, and thus to have produced a being of a new species. When he rose up to speak, all was silence and expectation; nor was this expectation ever disappointed: all the beauties of poetry, all the delicacy of sentiment, all the strength of reason, united in that torrent of eloquence, which, as it flowed with irresistible force, sparkled with unrivalled lustre, and was admired even by those who, having in vain opposed its course, were in a moment borne down before it.

If he was attacked, no matter by how many, he not only avoided the weapon of his adversaries, but turned the edge of it with double force upon themselves, always directing it with unerring skill to that part where it would most easily enter. It is, methinks, difficult to speak of PRAXITELES without a metaphor, because common language can but ill express uncommon excellence: it may however be said, that PRAXITELES has the art of uniting the elegance of a courtier and the accuracy of a scholar with the keenness of a disputant, and will pay the politest compliment to the person while he exposes the sophistry of the speaker. PRAXITELES has such command over elegance, grace, and taste, that he has been able to carry them even into a society of politicians, and to touch the breasts of those whose imaginations have wanted vigour to push them beyond the frozen virtues of industrious regularity, with something of that elevating delight, inspired by the striking superiority which nice discernment and true taste can so ill define, and so well conceive. In a word, PRAXITELES is in every respect truly great: that ambition which is in some men so apparently a vice, was in him evidently a virtue. It was a principle implanted in him by nature, to place him in a conspicuous station, that a work which did her honour might not be hid.

- “ ————She never told her love,
 “ But let concealment like a worm i’ th’ bud
 “ Feed on her damask cheek; she pin’d in thought,
 “ *And with a green and yellow melancholy*
 “ She fate like *Patience* on a monument
 “ Smiling at grief.

How justly celebrated are these lines! and let me observe, that they prove a certain elegance of thought, a certain delicate tenderness for which SHAKESPEARE has not, I think, been generally celebrated. Nothing surely can be more sentimental! and yet let me venture at an objection, where all the world seems hitherto only to have approved. Is there not something of a faulty image, something of a displeasing idea conveyed in that “green and yellow melancholy?” It may indeed represent sickness, and such sickness as was produced by the delicate love SHAKESPEARE describes; but yet, methinks, he rather lessens than increases our compassionate concern, by telling us so expressly, that the countenance of the sufferer was tinged with green and yellow. I fear it is natural for us to pity, not in exact proportion to feminine distress, but in proportion as we are struck with the beauty of the sufferer, and that our pity is always comparatively weak when we are disgusted with the object: this hue of countenance necessarily disgusts, and the idea of

it is therefore incongruous to that tender that almost amorous concern, which the rest of the picture so forcibly excites. I speak, however, with the utmost deference to the genius of SHAKESPEARE, and the public judgment, by which this passage has been not only approved, but admired.

XXXVI.

SWIFT observes, that a reader does not fail to cry out, “that is clever, that is sensible!” when he meets with exactly what he himself had thought: yet he may in this case approve the opinion, not only because it is his own, but because the perfect agreement of two distant and unconnected minds has confirmed it.

XXXVII.

WE have our days for being *in play* for sense, as we have for being *in play* for tennis or billiards.

XXXVIII.

PEOPLE seldom speak ill of themselves, but when they have a good chance of being contradicted.

XXXIX.

WIT gives confidence less than confidence gives wit.

XL.

I HAVE known men modest enough to allow they had not a great deal of sense, but I don't recollect to have seen any one of them give up an opinion

opinion of his own, to that of a person whom he allowed had a great deal.

XLI.

MANY men will reason and act *sensibly* on various occasions, and yet be even *absurd* in speculation and practice, with respect to things extremely plain, which happen to lie out of their way; as musical clocks will play such a number of tunes, and difficult ones too, but not one beyond them.

FOGRAMO is a kind of philosopher, a mathematician, a chymist, a man of letters in short, and a deep reasoner; he has had more than one literary dispute, and always with success: he utterly despises and disregards trifles; and of all trifles, he very justly thinks that dress is the greatest: however he naturally falls into what is suitable and proper, and has a certain dignity; his cloaths therefore are always black, and his wigs white; but once made, he scarcely remembers that he possesses any such things, and he puts them on purely from it being necessary that he should. FOGRAMO wanted to move his person from one part of the island to another; on what account I never learnt, but on some important one you may be sure: he was told of the late invention of *post-chays*, of their great expedition, conveniency, and cheapness, provided one could get a fellow-traveller; and that to effect this one need only to advertise for a *post-chay* companion. FOGRAMO approved of a

this, and did it: JACK FLASH was in a certain coffee-house near the *garden*, and read the advertisement; he wanted to go to the same place at the same time, cash was short, he was in a hurry, so, *d—n him*, he was his man. The travellers met according to appointment, and after some admiration of each other, and some swearing from JACK about the horses and the tackle, FOGRAMO freely, and *sans ceremonie*, got into the chaise and placed himself commodiously in about the middle of it. JACK claps one hand on the ostler's shoulder, and the other on the top of the wheel, and brushes in after him: having but little room, he bustles and bestirs himself *a few*; and FOGRAMO mechanically, as it were, retired into his corner. Off they go, most prodigiously fast, according to FOGRAMO; and according to FLASH—doctors differ—damnably slow. One began to swear, the other to groan, too politely however to be troublesome; for however each jolt might affect FOGRAMO he resolved not to vent his displeasure: but he began to reflect on the scheme he had undertaken, and to doubt somewhat of the charms of a *post-chay*, still with the utmost politeness and attention to his companion—is not that indeed regarding one's self? FOGRAMO, however, *who was a rational and consequential person*, had observed that the young gentleman had carried all before him, and shewn peculiar knowledge and understanding about the chaise,

chaîse, horses, harness, and all their appertēnānces, and doubted not but he was *a man of the world*: “*Captain,*” says he, “you seem to *know the world* very well.”—“Yes, sir, a little, I know men a little, but nothing to my knowledge of women; but there’s nothing in that, for to be sure there I have had some experience.” “Some experience! why sure, *Captain,* you can’t have been married more than once?” JACK went off so loud and so very nonsensically, that FOGRAMO, *who was a rational and consequential person*, began to recover his original idea of JACK, and sat up very tight in his corner. JACK hummed a little and fell fast asleep, a thing he had not done in the last twenty-four hours: his sleep was as profound, as his waking had been turbulent; as the deadeft calm follows the most furious storm. FOGRAMO, though broad awake, was soon no more conscious of his *chay* situation, than his companion; sometimes he was in the sky among the planets and suns, sometimes in the earth amongst minerals and fossils, sometimes in the sea with monsters and wrecks. At length, however, FOGRAMO began to awake out of his dream by an accident; and though JACK continued in his, yet he made many wry faces; the chaise bump’d continually against the side quarter, and FOGRAMO was surprized to find his jolts renewed upon him with greater force than ever; the road was

not stony, and he could not conceive the meaning of it : he looked about him, out of the window, within the window ; but the solving twenty problems was nothing compared to his difficulty of discovering the *cause* of these repeated jolts and knocks, it was—*out of his way*. At length they jolted his friend JACK broad awake, and looking out of the window, “ D—n your body,” says he, “ where did you learn your road-work, “ boy ? d——n you, where are your eyes you “ dog ? why an’t they in your poll by G---d ? “ cant you see, d——n ye, that your near horse “ don’t draw an ounce ? Pull the *chay* over, do “ ye blood of a b——ch ! ” *

XLII.

SOME men are blamed and sought after by every body ; some commended and shunned by every body : may I not ask, whether it is the blame or the praise that is most eligible ?

XLIII.

THE man of humour, the droll, he who enchants the whole listening circle with the spirit and fire of his wit, if another who excels him in the same way is introduced into the company, will not only appear less, but be shrunk into nothing.

* These characters were intended partly to illustrate the maxim that immediately precedes them ; and partly to contrast two characters widely different, by shewing them in such circumstances as might shew at once their weakness and their strength.

D

Thus

Thus you let the brighter beams of the sun into your room, and they put your fire out.

XLIV.

SOME chance event to the *man*, will sometimes carry a conviction that was refused to the demonstration of his *arguments*; nay, will produce a conviction, which his arguments did not *deserve*.†

You think the time long past since a benevolent genius could be found to form a talisman, that would not only give importance, wit, and agreeableness to the possessor, but so fascinate other people, that they should fancy every advantage greater than it was, and give him credit for twenty more to which he had no right. Do not, however, conclude too hastily: GNATHO no longer ago than last spring became possessed of this talisman: nay I'm serious—he inherited ten thousand a year.

XLV.

THE true *use* of conversation is the perceiving, perhaps adopting, the ideas of others; the *end* proposed is, the displaying our own.

XLVI.

VIRTUE pleases more as nature, than as vir-

† As our assent and dissent proceed, in general, more from our disposition to the speaker, and our notion of him, than from a minute and impartial examination of what is said; it follows, that whatever changes our disposition to men, and our opinion of them, will give what they say a different effect upon our minds.

tue:

tue : but let me add, that virtue is the first beauty of nature.||

PHORBAS is possessed of almost every good quality ; he is rational and impartial, even to self-condemnation. It is a rule with PHORBAS to do always what is right ; he is virtuous, he is so from principle, and he is universally approved. PHORMIO is noble, is gentle, is generous : he possesses every amiable virtue ; but he is so far from being conscious of any, or reflecting upon them as virtues, that he practises them only as the means of happiness ; and they are so far from being the effect of labour or restraint, that he would suffer if he ever deviated from them : his virtues, therefore, have a certain freedom, a certain elegance, an inexpressible charm of nature about them, which to be admired needs only to be seen. He joins to the greatest contempt of money, the greatest contempt of profusion, which so often

|| The meaning is, that the author of *nature* has implanted in the human mind, a principle by which his *own work* is necessarily admired ; and that other things are admired only in proportion as they partake, or are supposed to partake, of that beauty which cannot be reduced to any rule, or fixed by any definition : that in consequence of this principle we admire *virtue* as being *natural*, as transferring the order, harmony, propriety and grace of nature from tints and figure, to voluntary action and rational life ; and being not less natural because it is moral, it becomes as much superior to other beauty as reason is superior to sense, and sensibility and motion to mere colour and shape.

goes hand in hand with rapacity; nay, what would be profusion in another, is generosity and propriety in PHORMIO; common rules are not the guides of uncommon natures. PHORMIO loves pleasure, he understands it, he was formed for it, he enjoys it, and he inspires it: frigid insensibility, corrupt selfishness and licentious depravity, he compels at once to perceive and to taste the exalted delight of which before they had neither relish nor conception. Vice on the one side, and vice on the other side, is ashamed of its own deformity. How amiable is PHORMIO! in his person manly, yet soft and expressive; in his manners modest, yet full of taste and fire; in his disposition never weak, yet full of sensibility; understanding, enjoying, extracting the essence, the quintessence of pleasure from every object of pleasure, yet deriving still more from the sacrifice of it all to another. Is his friend in distress? he will with pleasure give up his purse to relieve him: in danger? he will with still more pleasure expose his person to defend him. How lovely! how striking! And let me add, that PHORMIO is not only judicious and sensible, but judicious and sensible in the highest degree; the same principle that led his taste to the precision of every elegance and every pleasure, seems to have directed his understanding to that of every truth. Thus was PHORMIO happily formed, as if nature had for

once

once infused a superior spirit to shew man the amiableness and the felicity of that virtue which is her own gift. PHORBAS looked up to PHORMIO, and saw that he was made to be virtuous, and could not be otherwise; he saw this, and however upright his heart, he could not but feel its inferiority compared with that of PHORMIO: he was just, but he had never felt the transport of being more than just; he disdained to do wrong, but he understood not the endearments of delicacy, the minute refinements of generosity, of doing that which is sublimely right. It is true indeed that he studied, he anticipated the wishes of his friend, and gratified them to his own inconvenience, but he did not *enjoy* the virtue; his natural bent directed him not to it, he was not proportionably happy, nor did others proportionably approve. PHORBAS was virtuous from reason and reflection, PHORMIO from nature and elevation of soul: the virtue of PHORBAS was most meritorious, the virtue of PHORMIO most endearing.

XLVII.

ONE great reason why virtue is so *little* practised, is its being so *ill* understood.

XLVIII.

WE confess our faults in the plural, and deny them in the singular.

XLIX.

THE great comfort of mankind is society; but

it seems as if neither the *first* men of the world, nor the *last*, were the best calculated to enjoy it. The two polar regions of the globe are fabled to be inhabited, one by giants, the other by pigmies, and both are most uncomfortable climates : the intermediate regions are inhabited by middle sized men, and those are the happy countries.

L.

A VERY tender conscience is more nearly allied to fear, than a very hardened one is to courage.

LI.

A FOOL has often the contrivance of a man of sense, and a man of sense the prejudice of a fool.

LII.

WHAT nice distinctions are to be made in the characters of mankind ! contempt for money and profusion have the same line of separation between them, that virtue and vice have.

LIII.

SOME men mistake talking about sense, for talking sense. *

* The man who only relates what he has heard or read, or talks of sensible men and sensible books in general terms, or of celebrated passages in celebrated authors, may talk *about sense* ; but he alone, who speaks the sentiments that arise from the force of his own mind employed upon the subjects before him, can *talk sense*.

LIV.

LIV.

ONE has sometimes seen at a masquerade an agreeable mask, which in spite of ones knowing it was a mask, has commanded ones attention the whole night. May not this happen too in the great masquerade of the world?

LV.

THE general harmony of the mere material world is maintained by a particular quality in each body, by which it attracts every thing to its own center: it is exactly the same in the moral.

LVI.

JUSTICE itself, even when it is not rigorous, is sometimes offensive to the generous and delicate mind.

LVII.

SOME men are seldom out of humour, because they are seldom in humour*.

LVIII.

WE do not often I fear commend a man, but for an apology to find fault with him; but we seldom indeed find fault with ourselves, but for an apology to commend ourselves.

* There is in some men a dispassionate neutrality of mind, which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us: it must, indeed, be granted, that these men can only negatively offend; but then it should also be remembered, that they cannot positively please.

LIX.

MANY men would have more sense if they had less parts.

LX.

THE desire to please, often frustrates itself; but in this case, I believe, the desire to please, will generally be found to proceed rather from a selfish than a social motive.

LXI.

WE are often governed by people not only weaker than ourselves, but even by those whom we think so.

LXII.

I SEE many minds which are, if I may be allowed the figure, well seated; but I see hardly any that have any elbow-room*.

LXIII.

THE senses feed sentiment, and sentiment the senses. †

LXIV.

WE are not slow at discovering the selfishness

* By the want of elbow-room, is meant that contractedness of thought, which is the effect of early prejudice or superstitious fear.

† By sentiment here, is meant a certain delicate sensation of the mind, which is often connected with those sensations that are merely corporal, though in themselves they are perfectly distinct from each other. In this sense, the word *sentiment* is used by the French: and this sense has with the word been adopted by us, at least in conversation.

of others ; for this plain reason, because it clashes with our own : as to the falsehood of others, the case is extremely different ; for there nothing but the mere love of truth can encourage the detection. Let us not then be surprized to see so much less falsehood discovered than selfishness.

LXV.

MAN is said to be a *rational creature* ; but should it not rather be said, that man is a *creature capable of being rational*, as we say a parrot is a *creature capable of speech*.

LXVI.

WE laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump, because one did so : might not one imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason ?

LXVII.

THERE are few men but have more cunning than we suspect them of, and less than they suspect themselves of.

“ How cunning, how clever was I ! ” says PAON to himself, the moment he returned home from the company he had been with. “ D—n it,” says he, “ they must not think I am a dupe. I can see pretty well how things go. I think I flung out there—aye, I did Illyrius’s business. —Gad, I am a charming clever fellow ! ”——
Alas, poor PAON ! how little dost thou think that each man said pretty much the same thing to himself before he went to sleep.—And possibly
you

you did give it Illyrius; but if you did, he or somebody else gave it you. There is, my poor PAON, an eternal reciprocation of those smart c'ever blows; and it is part of each man's business to persuade himself, that he gives *all* and receives *none*.

LXVIII.

If it be granted that our ideas of the same things may be extremely different at different times and places, who shall decide at which they are just and true?

LXIX.

WE are oftener deceived by being told some truth than no truth.

LXX.

THERE are faults which as they become greater displease less.

Is that young ESCHYLUS coming down *Fops-alley? No sure—Yes it is; it is his figure: and yet it is not his air—Yes, faith, now he is nearer, I see it is ESCHYLUS. But, heavens! what a metamorphosis! let any thing but—*himself be his parallel!*—Poor boy! it was but last year so humble, so modest, so condescending! and how glad was one to encourage him! and can a few fleeting moons then have made so great an alteration? My dear ESCHYLUS, I am hurt,—I mean for you—What! don't you know me, my dear

* A place in the opera house.

ESCHYLUS?

ESCHYLUS?—You have got a touch of the *qui vive* too, have you not? I must not laugh; but yet the thing diverts me, I want to laugh: What a puppy!—bow to the countess too!—well faith, I shall laugh. Why you are not perfect, you cock your chin, and look about you, and affect to be agreeable,—very disagreeably! depend upon it, if you don't play the monkey *better*, you will be—very ridiculous!

HA! there he is. Observe DORIMON, young ESCHYLUS; he does it with a swing!—DORIMON is something like a coxcomb; why, he would beat you *under his leg*.—Yes, DORIMON, you make me laugh; but I love to laugh with you, DORIMON. My dear DORIMON! will you sit by me? *tant mieux!* Tell me then, thou happy Dog! how many this last week?—Ha, only one countess? ay, you are discreet. Come, the kept mistresses, you *may* own them; faith I won't divulge—Well, I'll keep the secret; and really that's a vast number for one week. Look, ESCHYLUS, see how easy it sits upon him! look at his cloaths too, they are not *too fine*, and they sit well upon him; nor is my friend afraid of rumpling them or himself. Yes, DORIMON *is* a coxcomb! and, believe me, ESCHYLUS, there are faults which displease even from being *incomplete*.

LXXI.

You would know how a man talks, to judge of his understanding; and yet, possibly, how-
ever

ever great the paradox, the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he hears, might shew it you much better. There is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a man's conversation, which, when *put in motion*, goes perhaps roundly, and ingeniously, and yet seems, sometimes, less the operation of reason than habit; he may at the same time be destitute of the faculty of dividing, weighing, distinguishing, and judging: *bearing* then may, perhaps, be more the test of sense than *speaking*.

How stupid is young THEOCLES! he was with us an hour; and whilst CLEON, the other young man his companion, entertained us with a great deal of sensible conversation, he had not one word to say for himself; he will surely make a bad figure in the world; he can have no parts. Thus was I told by every one present, nor did I contradict it; and yet, as to myself, how differently did I think! THEOCLES, I observed, did not once fail expressing in his countenance, that he understood and tasted every thing that was said; CLEON never—he attended to nothing but what he himself uttered; that was a superficial flow, a something, a nothing, yet all that it could ever be, incapable of increase or improvement. THEOCLES, on the contrary, with ten times the qualifications for talking, thought he had too few to expose his sentiments amongst those which his amiable prejudice esteemed so much superior to
his

his own: THEOCLES was diffident for the same reason that lambs are playful; the cause was nature and propriety. I saw him smile with a delicate approbation of sentiment, at an account of generosity and love; I saw him smile with scorn and indignation at a story of meanness and dishonour; I saw his eyes animated, and his features glow, at an account of spirit and gallantry: and CLEON all this time altered not a muscle of his face. As soon as he had an opportunity, he told his own story indeed properly, and without confusion: THEOCLES told no story, he had not a word to offer.—What a difference!

LXXII.

EVERY man loves virtue better than vice; but then he loves himself better than either, and *in his own way*.

LXXIII.

THE best judges of pleasure, are the best judges of virtue.

LXXIV.

IT is observable that when we blame and commend at the same time, if we are speaking of another we finish with the blame, if of ourselves with the commendation.—Thus the first man of the procession walks last.

LXXV.

SOME men put me in mind of half-bred horses, which often grow worse in proportion as you feed and exercise them for improvement.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

THE more perfect the nature, the more weak, the more wrong, the more absurd, may be something in a character : to explain the paradox, if a mind is delicate and susceptible, false impressions in education will have a bad effect in proportion to that susceptibility, and, consequently, may produce an evil which a stupid and insensible nature might have avoided.—What a lesson to those who have the charge of education !

LXXVII.

A ROGUE who fears to be taken up, will mechanically slip to a corner and get out of the way when he is not in the least danger ; and many of the curious schemes of cunning proceed from much the same principle, and have much the same use.

LXXVIII.

IT is from a beauty, a perfection of nature, that we are affected and grieved at a particular event or fault in ourselves or others ; without that beauty or perfection, it might have passed by as a wind, a nothing—Painful preeminence !

LXXIX.

DISAGREEABLE qualities are often heightened by restraint, as the power of a spring is increased by drawing it back.

LXXX.

HE that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly

possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own : it is by the mental as the corporeal eye, the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off ; nay, too near to be seen at all.

LXXXI.

I PITY a king that is not vain, I envy one that is *.

LXXXII.

As love will often make a wise man act like a fool, so will interest often make a fool act like a wise man.

LXXXIII.

AFTER having found a man rational and agreeable, in many different instances, we are surprized to find him quite otherwise in *some one* which we had not touched upon : you may, if you please, have your harpsichord tuned in such a manner as to have several keys in perfect tune, but then you must have *some one* horridly discordant ; the instrument is imperfect, and the discord must be thrown *somewhere*. May not man be such a sort of instrument ?

LXXXIV.

WE often see characters in the world, which we should call ridiculously extravagant in a book.

* Because a king is necessarily exposed to that which will perpetually gratify him if he is vain, and perpetually disgust him if he is not.

LXXXV.

LXXXV.

UNJUST accusations seldom affect us much, but from having *some* justice in them.

LXXXVI.

WITHOUT content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

LXXXVII.

OF two players at tennis, a good judge may prefer the play of the worst; of two colts who run together, a discerning jockey may think the beaten one the most eligible; and of two understandings, a penetrating man may see that the understanding which is inferior at present, is likely to become superior hereafter.

LXXXVIII.

It seems as if some men were allowed merit, as beggars are relieved with money, merely from having made people weary of refusing.

LXXXIX.

MEN and statues that are admired in an elevated situation, have a very different effect upon us when we approach them; the first appear less than we imagined them, the last bigger.

XC.

MODESTY in women, say some shrewd philosophers, is not *natural*; it is artificial and acquired: but what then, and to what end, is that *natural* taste, that delicate sensation, that approbation of it, in man?

XCI.

THE union of characters seems to have much the same sort of law, as the union of sounds ; the same note makes *good* concord, but a quite different one *much better*.

XCII.

THERE are things which we are in doubt whether to call very good or very bad, though we are sure they are one or the other. As great wit is nearly allied to madness *, so there is but a very narrow bound between the utmost excursions of wit and the first sallies of frenzy. When MILTON talks of *prodigies* produced by *nature*, of *death* that *lives*, of *life* that *dies* ; we know that he has reached the last verge of propriety, and we are apt to doubt whether he has not passed it. So when POPE supposes NEWTON to be shewn by angels, as a monkey is by men, our taste is as much in doubt about his propriety, as our judgment is about that of MILTON.

XCIII.

THERE is often in women something of a pleasurable sensibility, which, though very attractive in its infancy, yet, as it increases, necessarily degenerates into something which has quite a contrary effect ; such women are like some fruits, best *before* they are ripe.

* " Great wits to madness sure are near ally'd,

" And thin partitions do their bounds divide." DRYDEN.

XCIV.

POLITICS is the food of sense exposed to the hunger of folly*.

XCV.

THE Great see the world at one end by flattery, the Little at the other end by neglect: the meanness which both discover is the same; but how different, alas! are the mediums thro' which it is seen?

XCVI.

PEOPLE oftener want something to be *taken away* to make them agreeable, than something to be *added*.

XCVII.

COMPARISON is the greatest cheat, and yet often the greatest friend to mankind.

XCVIII.

OUR companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation, than from those they find in ours.

XCIX.

WHEN real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with the real, and becomes real too.

* Politics, as the object of study and disquisition, is so complicated, and requires so great a variety and extent of knowledge, as well as strength of mind, that it is fit only to employ understandings of the first class; yet who have less claim to this distinction, than those who are most ready to examine and decide political questions at every visit and in every club?

C.

Ask the man of adversity, how other men act towards him ; ask those others, how he acts towards them. Adversity is the true touch-stone of merit in both : happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of meanness in one, and that of insolence and pride in the other !

CI.

We do not always like people the better, for paying us *all* the court which we ourselves think our due.

CII.

How hurtful to common things must excess be, since even virtue cannot bear it !

CIII.

There is sometimes, let it be granted, a very satisfactory sensation in preferring our own pleasure to that of another ; it is surpassed by none in the world, except that of preferring the pleasure of another to our own.

CIV.

One is, methinks, tempted to believe of certain men, that they imagine giving pleasure to be like giving money ; and that the very portion of it they afford to others, must necessarily be *taken away* from themselves.

CV.

Even affectation is natural, if I may so express myself, to some men, and therefore pleasing.

CVI.

A person asserts a thing is good or bad, true or false, saying *he knows it to be so*; but how proper would it generally be for him first to prove himself a *competent judge*!

CVII.

WE sometimes think we have discovered a new truth that lay very deep, when perhaps we have only a lively sense of something which others feel in a less degree.

CVIII.

SCHOLARSHIP, or, if you will, learning, is perpetually rung in my ears as the *summum bonum*, the one thing necessary to man: to say of a person that he is a good scholar, seems to imply every kind of superiority; to say he is no scholar, just the contrary. But I confess, that after much reflection and much enquiry, I am yet at a loss to comprehend this mighty advantage of scholarship; some advantages, to be sure it has, but perhaps its disadvantages are not less: it sometimes prevents the excursions of a vigorous understanding, by keeping it in a beaten track; it perpetuates error, by imposing received opinions upon those who, if they had begun the enquiry, would have discovered truth; it divides the attention, and sometimes fixes it to subjects which are not suited to that particular genius and turn of mind which nature would have exerted upon
some

some other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory it restrains imagination, and by multiplying precepts it anticipates the judgment. Give me the man whose knowledge is derived from the copious source of his own reason; whose mind is filled with ideas that sprung not from books but thought; whose principles are consistent because deduced in a regular series from each other, and not scraps of different systems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled together without examining their incongruity. Where is the scholar whose opinion is entirely his own? and where is the GENIUS whom we wish to have known the opinions of others? Are we sure that SHAKESPEARE would have been the wonder he was, had he been *a deep scholar*?——*

* The author does not intend by this article to deny, that by consulting books a man may gain an acquaintance with the sciences in general, which he could never gain without them; but he believes, with Mr. POPE, that “the proper science of mankind is man,” and that the knowledge of man is not best acquired by what is generally called learning. And though he firmly believes, that SHAKESPEARE’S excellence was owing to his study of the living world, from which books would necessarily have diverted his attention; yet he is also willing to allow, that the discoveries of NEWTON depended upon his acquaintance with books, at least upon his knowledge of principles which others had discovered; for without the principles of arithmetic and geometry, which it is not probable he would have discovered merely by the force of his own thought, he could not have produced a new system of philosophy.

CIX.

I lately went into a great and curious library ; and, however uncommon, these were my reflections : Behold, said I to myself, at once the glory and the disgrace of human nature ! What monuments of ingenuity and knowledge ! of ingenuity employed to render error specious, and of knowledge which has little more than these specious errors for its objects. How many of those that have written on the same subject and agree, agree only because they have implicitly adopted the same opinions, which they have employed their minds not to examine but to defend ! how many of those that differ, differ only because they have adopted contrary opinions, which they also defend, without examination ! Is not far the greater part of the learned labour that surrounds me, the work of perverted reason, of prejudiced zeal, of mercenary self-interest ? Does not the strength of the writer's understanding often prove the depravity of his heart ? And would not the honest mind that could read and remember all the volumes that I see, be rather bewildered than instructed, and rather doubt of all things than believe any ?

CX.

O clever ! and in a man of fashion too ! GYGES will quote you from Virgil and Horace, *in Latin*, till you stare again !—Its true, that he is awkwardly dressed ; that he lives ill ; and,
above

above all, that he generally takes the false side of the question : *but he will quote,—ye gods ! how he will quote !*

CXI.

MELISSA has not much *common*, but a great deal of *uncommon*, or, if you will, *out of the way* sense. She understands latin, has written much verse, has read a good deal of history, and a great deal of metaphysics ; she is a zealous enemy of superstition and priestcraft, and holds Moses and all such people extremely cheap. MELISSA will sport a subject with you willingly ; and if you talk more upon it than she, I had almost said better, I am not a little mistaken : her words flow with such easy volubility, that certainly, if you have any taste, MELISSA will attract your attention, possibly your admiration ; but then you must not turn the stream, you must not put her mind out of its course, for the road once lost she will wander farther and farther from it in endless perplexity ; she goes on where she sees the track, but never yet asked herself whither it would lead her : she talks not from sentiment but from memory, and a kind of instinct ; so that though what she says is rational, yet she has not herself deduced it from reason. The regular dependance of one principle upon another is what she least regards, and she is therefore so inconsistent that often has MELILSA disputed powerfully, nay self-persuasively on Monday on one side, and on Tuesday on the other. In

her discourse too, she considers herself much more than the person she speaks to ; and therefore she often tells a sentimental story to a civil listening country farmer, and some cant joke of one society to a member of another. As to others, indeed, MELISSA thinks little about them ; and be you a celebrated author, a man of sense, a blockhead, a coxcomb, or a pedant, she equally attends to you and to herself. Minuties she little regards ; she is not one of those prying mortals, who from a word, a motion, or look, will catch the ideas or designs of another ; and though very knowing in theory, yet as she knows theory only by rote, she is often extremely ignorant in the practice of the very theory she is so well acquainted with. MELISSA rather likes than despises dress, and there too her disregard of minuties taste and connection manifests itself : she has been known to change her shoes in the morning without changing the buckles, and so wear her shoes a whole day with the two straps pointing towards each other ; nor does she care how they fit to her feet, or how or of what they are made : her ribbands too are either left to the choice of her maid, or else perhaps oddly chosen by herself ; and when she has put on a rich gown which required one kind of assortment, she has been known totally to spoil its effect by another. With MELISSA, in short, you must distinguish between a love for dress, and a taste for dress. But has not nature, when she

gave

gave such flying agility to the roe, refused him the strength of the lion? why then may not CORINNA possess those feminine graces which are refused to MELISSA? CORINNA was one day so much admired in the presence of MELISSA for the becoming elegance of her cloaths, that MELISSA ordered the very same for herself; and yet, strange consequence! no one admired them at all upon her: she proved, that it is the person which adorns the dress, not the dress the person. CORINNA pulls her hair about with her fingers for two minutes, and no head is so well coiffed; MELISSA sits sometimes two hours to her *Accomodeur*, and few appear worse. MELISSA, in short, fixes her chief attention on *your great objects*; CORINNA, on the graceful ones. With MELISSA and CORINNA you have your choice——as your taste happens to be——between a lady of——*masculine knowledge*, or——*feminine ignorance*.

CXII.

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive: to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect:

spect : the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence she is unconscious of any, and thus heightens them all : she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light : she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her ; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of CAMILLA's understanding is taste ; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments she possesses the softest sensibility, and lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is CAMILLA melancholy ? does she sigh ? every body is affected : they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to CAMILLA ; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, CAMILLA graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts ; wherever she ap

*I rather wish
she should
have said, perhaps,*

pears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often mis-called modesty: nay to the most critical discernment she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! By this silent unassuming merit, she over-awes the turbulent and the proud; and stops the torrent of that indecent, that over-bearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence, CAMILLA.

CXIII.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? What, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a CORREGIO, a GUIDO, and a RAPHAEL, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely CAMILLA is the beloved FLORA! In CAMILLA, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant

elegant softness of female propriety : in FLORA, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled yet blameless freedom. FLORA has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined ; to know her and to love her, is the same thing ; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. CAMILLA puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed ; FLORA, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. CAMILLA reminds you of a lovely young queen ; FLORA, of her more lovely maid of honour. In CAMILLA you admire the decency of the Graces ; in FLORA, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild native feminine gayety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of FLORA. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn ; and while CAMILLA charms you with the choice of her dress, FLORA enchants you by the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in CAMILLA and FLORA ! Yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved
that

that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by FLORA: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does FLORA unite the strongest sensibility and the most lively gayety, and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While CAMILLA inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful yet admiring distance, FLORA excites the most ardent yet elegant desire. CAMILLA reminds you of the dignity of Diana, FLORA of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: CAMILLA almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, FLORA delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.*

CXIV.

THE bad side of poverty, is not the want of money for ourselves, but for other people: for how trifling is the mortification of self-denial, compared to that of being obliged to the ungenerous, or disappointing the worthy? and how

* The author had the article of scholarship in view, through all the characters that follow it in succession, of which this is the last.

can either be avoided by the indigent and generous man?

CXV.

WE are forward in our offers of service that are of no consequence, in proportion as we are backward in those that are.

CXVI.

As we generally overlook every weak thing a man of superior understanding says, so we do every strong one that a man of inferior understanding happens to say.

CXVII.

WHAT a reflection? and, if true, who of us is safe?—the very disposition of mind which is the cause of any particular wrong thinking, is also an indisposition, I will not say an incapacity, to correct it.

CXVIII.

IT is odds but he who is not duped at *coming* into the world, has a touch of the knave in his character; as it is odds but he who is duped *when he is* in the world, has a touch of the fool.

CXIX.

WOULD you see PYLADES and ORESTES, those sworn friends and companions of antiquity, revived;—I will shew you a modern PYLADES and ORESTES, and, if you are serious, you will honour the sublimity of modern friendship. One
of

of these friends, I mean of the moderns, is a *lord*, the other writes himself *Gent.* My *lord* PYLADES is affluent, not inaccessible, and a joker; *Gent.* ORESTES is poor, complying, and—most willingly—a butt. See then what rare harmony these two instruments make together! His *lordship* would be sorry not to have his dearest friend at any one of the great dinners which he often gives to his fellow-nobles and others; and the *gentleman* would be as sorry not to assist at the ceremony, not to heighten the mirth, not to give himself for fuel to the fire of his patron's wit. One day *lord* PYLADES cracked some joke, and laughed most heartily at it; *gentleman* ORESTES immediately laughed as much to the full. The person who sat next him not having heard what was said, asked him what they laughed at: "I don't know," said ORESTES, "I laughed, because my *lord* "laughed." *Idem velle atque idem nolle ea demum*, is ORESTES's motto; arms, paternal arms, he happened not to have, so he chose his own, and this is his motto. Says PYLADES, "that ORESTES is an honest poor devil; there is not much "in him—but he is an honest poor creature; I "am really fond of him: now and then I'm a "little hard upon him. I love joking, but I "really mean him no harm; he knows he is "welcome to every thing I have." ORESTES says very much the same thing: his *lordship* makes a little free with him, cuts his joke upon him,

him, bids him open the door, shut the door, hold his tongue, and takes twenty such little freedoms; but he esteems it an honour and a pleasure to oblige his friend: what! have scruples with one's friend! his generosity is above it. ORESTES, says PYLADES, you are not angry with me for those jokes I cut upon you yesterday, are you? Not at all my lord. Ay, you know I mean no harm; but you're a good creature: what have you been so kind as to get in those rents for me? Yes, my lord. And paid away that money for me? Yes, my lord. Well, ORESTES, thou art an honest fellow, and a good friend to me, that's the truth of the matter.

CXX.

† OF how little credit to you will be the proof, that you *would have done* a very clever thing but from an accident having intervened in your disfavour, compared to the demonstration of your *having done* a clever thing from an accident which intervened in your favour.

CXXI.

SURELY no man can reflect, without wonder, upon the vicissitudes of human life arising from causes in the highest degree accidental and trifling: if you trace the necessary concatenation of human events a very little way back, you may perhaps discover that a person's very going in, or out of a door, has been the means of colouring with misery

fery or happiness the remaining current of his life.

CXXII.

WHEN we say such a man has spirit, I should like to hear *some* devout persons give a definition of the word.

CXXIII.

THERE is, amongst friends, a neglect that is flattering, and an attention that is mortifying.

CXXIV.

IF you have a *great deal of taste* for a particular subject, you may do very well with a person who has *no taste at all*; but there is no doing with one who has a *little taste* for it.

CXXV.

THERE is a certain author who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind; I am at a loss to decide whether he charms or offends me most, whether to call him the *first* of writers or the *last*: and this one would think a difficulty likewise with other people; for he has written what has had merit enough to get into all hands, and defect enough to be flung out of all. It is his great praise, his honour, that he is condemned by sensible men, and applauded by weak women; for the first are often as ignorant of the powers of the heart, as the last are of those of the understanding. He is in many particulars the most minute, fine, delicate, observer of human nature I ever met

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with,

with, the most refined and just in his sentiments; but he often carries that refinement into puerility, and that justness into tastelessness: he not only enters upon those beautiful and touching distinctions which the gross conceptions of most men are incapable of discerning, but he falls also upon all the trivial silly circumstances of society, which can have attractions only for a nursery. This writer possesses infinite powers both of delicacy and reason, but he possesses not the judicious faculty of directing those powers: he is deficient in TASTE; hence he is irregular and false in his notions of the manners he treats of; he plainly shews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence, which should guide him in the pursuit he attempts: his understanding seems to be hampered and confined; it wants enlargement, freedom, or, to say all in one word, TASTE: his men of the world are strange debauchees; his women ridiculously outrées, both in good and bad qualities: parts there are, not only of the most refined, the most elevated, I had almost said the most celestial delicacy, but even of gaiety, ease, and agreeableness; but you see plainly that the writer is not A MASTER: deficiencies, stiffness, improprieties, break in upon you at times, and shock you; and you grieve that he does not please you more—or less.

CXXVI.

REASON puts me in mind of the pound sterling, which we all pay with *nominally*, tho' not *really*.

CXXVII.

ONE great reason why men practise generosity so little in the world, is, their finding so little there: generosity is catching; and if so many men escape it, it is in a great degree from the same reason that country-men escape the small-pox, because they meet with no one to give it them.

CXXVIII.

I WONDER LA ROCHEFOUCAULT never said, that we loved generosity because we got by it: it would have been, methinks, agreeable to the system of that ingenious and pleasing writer. And let me, in the midst of my admiration of his delicate discernment, censure that overstraining keenness in him, which in his disquisitions into nature went sometimes to sources to which she does not seem to have ascended herself. It appears to me, that he sometimes gives us causes for things which are primary in themselves; and that he really *did* what LEIBNITZ thought it unreasonable to require, as appears by his pleasant question to some curious queen, when he said, *Vous voulez, madame, que je vous donne le pourquoi du pourquoi?*

CXXIX.

WHAT fire and what ease in the language and painting of LA BRUIERE! how masterly, how

minute, and yet how spirited! I admire these excellencies; I see also marks of good sense and right thinking in his writings, and thus far I approve LA BRUIERE: but I suffer not his excellencies to dazzle my sight or disguise his faults with a false lustre.—I never regulate my opinion by that of others, and I boldly declare that I see little penetration, little compass of thought in LA BRUIERE: I think he dwells upon trifles, and seems too much taken up with them to have contemplated such objects as alone are worthy the attention of a genius; *Il ne penetre que l'écorce des hommes*, is a remark upon him by a French acquaintance which pleases me much. What a difference between LA BRUIERE and LA ROCHEFOUCAULT! I see methinks, sometimes at least I think I see, in LA BRUIERE, a satyr produced by spleen; in LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, a keenness arising from real curiosity and truth: LA BRUIERE sometimes adopts a dubious principle, merely because it is disadvantageous to mankind; LA ROCHEFOUCAULT indeed sometimes does wrong to humanity, but it always follows by just consequence from his own principle, and is always the genuine branch of one radical mistake. In my opinion LA ROCHEFOUCAULT is *generally* searching, deep, intuitive, and great; LA BRUIERE *generally* half discerning, and little.

CXXX.

As I have freely declared, that I think LA BRUIERE inferior to LA ROCHEFOUCAULT; let me as freely declare

declare, that I think THEOPHRASTUS equally inferior to LA BRUIERE. I have been sometimes of opinion, that when the French writer gave an account of the great reputation acquired by the Grecian, and prefixed some of those admired works which had received the approbation of successive ages to his own, he was influenced rather by pride than modesty: by putting himself in the same point of view with THEOPHRASTUS, he knew that a comparison would necessarily be made to his own advantage; because in a comparison it is almost impossible not to distinguish imaginary from real merit, and be more influenced by truth than prejudice: at least, if truth does not so far prevail as to make that cheap which prejudice has valued, yet the value which it sets upon real excellence will be proportionably higher. My reason for supposing that LA BRUIERE acted from this motive and with this view, arises from the opinion I entertain of his discernment: I think he could not but see that the characters of THEOPHRASTUS are neither precise nor distinct; that in his pictures there are none of the nice touches, the delicate mixtures of light and shade, and the doubtful tints of one colour stealing into another, which are necessary justly to represent the characteristic varieties of human nature. For my own part I declare, that I see nothing in THEOPHRASTUS's paintings of mankind, but the gross features rudely drawn, and a rough sketch of those peculiarities which are so

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strongly

strongly marked that every one can not only see but describe them. Perhaps, as life was then less refined, the minute differences which we now perceive between one man and another could not appear; for I think many other admired observations of ancient writers are in this respect equally defective, and there is no reason to suppose that they wanted any power of observation which the moderns possess.

CXXXI.

WHAT an amazing quality has turnpentine! stir and agitate its particles, you give it prodigious force; leave it to itself it has none at all: emblem of the faculties of man!

CXXXII.

SAYING an ingenious or discerning thing, is no proof of a sound understanding; saying an absurd thing, prejudice always excepted, is a proof of the contrary.—Folly is seldom so gross as to admit no gleam of light, and one right hit cannot prove a right assemblage of ideas; though a right assemblage of ideas makes gross absurdity even in a single instance impossible.

CXXXIII.

THERE is a sort of learned pedant at Oxford, who at Paris would have been a *petit maitre manqué*.

CXXXIV.

IT is well known that none can give so accurate an account of any errors or follies, as those who have

have been subject to them themselves, or at least connected with some that have. They know the *fort* and the *foible*, the *pour* and the *contre*. They know, and they only know, because they have *felt*, what was the charm that fascinated, the attraction that drew, and the tie that bound; they therefore can best describe, and most effectually expose them: who, for instance, could so effectually expose the fopperies of popery, as a converted papist? Those who are less minutely acquainted with the subject, will sometimes go too far, and sometimes stop short: but it unfortunately happens, that men generally censure *because* they do not understand; at least; they censure those things which a *natural aversion* has prevented their being minutely acquainted with. Hence the wild imperfect and false accounts of one country, produced by the writers of another; and hence it comes to pass, that we are so often disgusted with a coarse daubing of some mishapen figure, when a portrait, or at least a caricatura by the hand of a master, would have afforded the most exquisite delight. I remember in a modern, nay English book, a strange figure carried to Paris to be shewn as a true English, country, sporting 'squire, and he was among other things dressed in a *leathern-cap*; need I ask how imperfect the whole picture must be, after the painter had shewn his ignorance by so gross an impropriety?

CXXXV.

Do some wise men know, that even prejudices and follies *may* result from sensibility ! and that the reason why they are not prejudiced and foolish, *may* have been that they were insensible.

CXXXVI.

WHEN I am told that ALEXANDER seemed really to doubt whether he had not something divine in his composition, I am far from being so much surprized at it as I see other people : I can easily conceive that human nature might without gross absurdity be put out of its common course of reasoning, by such a series of strange events as happened to that extraordinary man. If they strike us as almost supernatural, what effect is it natural to suppose they would have upon him to whom they happened ! he was continually effecting what human powers were thought unable to effect ; his whole life was passed as it were on fairy land, where every thing was rather produced by enchantment than nature ; he lived in an age when the existence of demi-gods, a progeny of mortals mixing with immortals, was readily admitted ; and he was surrounded by flatterers, who were continually improving every miraculous incident of his life to persuade him that he was of this celestial race, and that not Philip but Jupiter was his father. If all this be considered, perhaps it will be allowed that it was more probable,

bable, I had almost said more rational, for ALEXANDER to think himself a divinity than a man.

CXXXVII.

FORTUNE, luck—filly terms, say you, invented by short-sighted men who cannot see the causes of things, and who have no idea of connection and consequence ! But the reality of what we impute to luck none can deny, and the cause of it perhaps none can discover. What is the cause of runs at play ? what makes one man win almost every stake for an hour together, and another man at the same public table, and the same game, depending wholly upon chance, lose almost every stake for an hour together ? what can continue this difference for a month, nay for a year ? The fact is too well known to be controverted ; and whatever is the cause of this, may be the cause of a like run in the more important occurrences of life where the odds in point of chance are against it. That there is such a run, I think almost equally evident ; for who has not seen some instances where every prudential measure has been frustrated and over-ruled as it were by an unsurmountable fatality, and a series of the most ill concerted and ill-conducted projects crowned with success ? Such “ *a tide* there is in “ the affairs of men ! ” And when I am told that CÆSAR despised the storms that filled the mariners with terror, I do not wonder at his presumption when I consider his life ; but say with him

him to the mariners, " You carry CÆSAR and
" his fortune."

CXXXVIII.

A THOROUGH good Newmarket groom would probably have been a good minister of state, if he had been trained for it. *

CXXXIX.

* THIS article having been thought paradoxical by some readers, the author has added the following parallel to explain it.

THE groom, though his views are very *different* from those of the minister, must possess the *same* talents, nay and often exert them upon similar subjects; tho' horse-racing is an idle diversion, and the administration of a government a most important employment. If the minister must have sagacity to penetrate into the characters and dispositions of men, so must the groom. If the minister must take in a very extensive and complicated scene of things, to judge, with probability, of future events with respect to matters of state; the groom must perceive and consider innumerable circumstances, not less complicated than various, to judge, with equal probability, of events relating to matches. The minister must scheme, and so must the groom; the minister must have recourse to the artifices and chicanery of cunning, and so must the groom: but the minister's cunning must be subordinate to powers of a higher class, and so must the groom's; for both the minister and groom, whose highest principle is cunning, will impose only upon fools and themselves: the thorough good groom, like the able minister, moves in a large circle; both judge of the probability of an event, not from considering that it has once happened, but from a knowledge of the causes that will probably produce it. Both the groom and the minister must also judge for himself, and not implicitly rely on the judgment of another, whatever may be his character for sagacity and discernment:
they

OF two men one may have a right opinion of thing, the other a wrong, and yet he that holds the right opinion may have less knowledge of the subject than he that holds the wrong. The reason is, he that has examined it but a little way, may

they will, therefore, in every instance avail themselves of their own abilities, which by implicit deference to the authority of others would become useless. Both the statesman and the groom know, that to produce the event which they desire, a great variety of circumstances must concur, many of which lie wholly out of their power: neither of them, therefore, will be decisive in his opinion that this event will happen, though neither of them will be ignorant of the probability in their own favour; nay, upon some occasions, they will know it is their interest in a general view even to make an attempt in a particular instance where there is but a bare possibility of success. The good jockey will generally profit more from believing what deserves credit, than from suspecting what does not deserve it; and so will the able statesman: for both will be superior to that fatal error of a contracted mind, *indiscriminate suspicion*. As the conduct of the good groom, and the good statesman, will be thus regulated by reason, neither of them will be mortified at the blind censures of other men, on a disappointment that can only happen by causes which they foresaw without power to prevent, or by some accident which could not be foreseen; but this very disappointment, which precipitate and short-sighted men will impute to an error, will, by the enlarged mind of the statesman or groom, perhaps be improved into a means of future advantage.

THIS parallel might be pursued much farther; but so far is sufficient, perhaps, to shew, that the assertion is not quite without foundation or support.

not

not have come to the difficulties which embarrass the truth, and perplex him that has examined farther. And these difficulties being such, as *perfect* knowledge only can *surmount*, and a *little* knowledge *cannot see*, the two extremities, deep knowledge and great ignorance, may form the same judgment.

CXL.

I HAVE heard some of the first judges of whist say, that it was not those who played best by the true laws of the game that would win most, but those who played best to the false play of others; and I am sure it is true of the great game of the world.

CXLI.

EXERCISE is *still more* requisite to the health of the mind than of the body. *

CXLII.

THE claret-drinker hates the taste of port, the port-drinker prefers it to claret; and every foreigner says of one and the other, *C'est un beuvrage epais & detestable*. What! does habit then extend its dominion over, and give laws to the very senses!

CXLIII.

IT *has* happened that a woman who has made

* THAT the mind does not require exercise *less* than the body, has been often said; but it is not commonly supposed to require it *more*.

herself

herself cheap, has been astonished to find herself little valued by another.

CXLIV.

WHEN I consider how *seldom*, after the most diligent and dispassionate enquiry, we can truly say that we *know the truth*; I lament the unavoidable ignorance of mankind: when I consider that we may *always* avoid opinions, the inconstancy of which we have opportunities to see, I admire the glorious privilege of confuting error by *demonstration*; though at the same time I lament the inglorious use that is made of it.

CXLV.

MANY men study and practise the œconomy of their money, hardly any that of their pleasure, without which money is useless.

CXLVI.

THE mind will not only be dissatisfied at not enjoying what she sees and longs for; she will often be so at having missed even what is passed, and what, if she had enjoyed, would now be no more.

CXLVII.

No two things can be so contradictory, so much at variance as truth and falsehood; and yet none are so mixed and united.

CXLVIII.

THE great reason why false virtues pass so well

well in the world is, that true ones are so seldom near to compare them with.

CXLIX.

SOME men have just sense enough to prove their want of it.

CL.

FRIENDSHIP never ascends to love, love often descends to friendship.

CLI.

A FOOL is not always without wit ; and it is when he shews wit, that he is insupportable : his wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child ; without it he might be as harmless, and possibly as entertaining.

CLII.

FEW difficulties, as well as few women, hold out against *real* attacks.

CLIII.

COURAGE to think, is infinitely more rare than courage to act ; and yet the danger in the first case is generally *imaginary*, in the last *real*.

CLIV.

THE medium between too scrupulously returning, and too easily accepting obligations, is the finest and most difficult medium I know in the world.

CLV.

GREAT attention among intimates and relations, is generally less a mark of the force of their

their attachment, than of the masking the decline of it.

CLVI.

IT is unlucky that the *very* reason which makes EUGENIO think his stories entertaining, should make me think them tiresome—their being about himself.

CLVII.

IF it is true, that from the same principle that you are delighted with generosity, nature and truth, you are shocked by meanness, pretension, and affectation; what will be your fate, if you are generous, natural, and true?

CLVIII.

HOWEVER blameable or odious human prejudices and failings may be in general, yet methinks, there are prejudices and failings which *in some persons* are almost respectable. I honour Marcellus a Jacobite, while I declare against Jacobitism: I despise Varenus for quitting a religion, which I reject myself as absurd: I do not reverence Fulvia, for having passed a life of indisputable chastity; and, shall I say it, I *cannot* abhor Corinna, who has not always resisted the allurements of pleasure. Good and bad principles are strangely mixed in human nature, and produce strange and unexpected effects: one of these principles often produces an effect which our reason erroneously attributes to the other;
yet

yet there is a kind of instinct which at the same time determines us justly to approve or disapprove the effect, not according to the suppositions but the real cause: thus we do *in fact* approve, what *in opinion* we condemn; or rather, we *actually* approve what we believe we condemn.

CLIX.

It is a known rule, that if you are to reckon for the expence of any undertaking, you should by way of precaution throw more money into the account than you can find articles for. How excellently do men follow this rule, in the portion of self-regard they are to bestow upon themselves in their dealings with others!

CLX.

ONE great disadvantage to the cause of truth is, its being so often in the hands of liars.

CLXI.

THERE are men who are so knowing and ingenious, who see so far into things, and discern effects so remote from their causes, that no disputant can stand against them: yet, while these men triumph in the power which arises from their acquaintance with these distinct objects of the understanding, they have perhaps quite overlooked those that lie near them: *there* perhaps they are defenceless, and may easily be conquered; as a battery of cannon is often disposed so

as to defend a fort from the most powerful vessels, while small boats may come securely under their direction, and in spite of these mighty cannon take the place.

CLXII.

WE often fly to the defence of certain faults when they are attacked, which, though we really are guilty of them, we never had acknowledged even to ourselves; as dogs eat simples when they are sick, without being conscious that they act from a principle of self-preservation.

CLXIII.

I HARDLY know so true a mark of a little mind, as the servile imitation of others; or, alas! so common a thing.

CLXIV.

THOUGH I lament the present depravity of British taste, that prefers the Chinese to the Grecian and Roman architecture; yet I have objections to many parts even of these, though very great examples are against me: I mean those representations of monsters and incongruous figures; of human faces stuck to beasts bodies; of mouths for spouts of water; of one creature's leg joined to another's thigh: all this, whatever may be the authority, is, in my opinion, FALSE TASTE. I think every part of architecture should be judged by *one* rule; and that the *whole* should be noble, simple, and natural.

CLXV.

SENSE and good taste often *suffer* from the defects which folly and bad taste *enjoy*..

CLXVI.

POSSESSION without right, is, in most cases of property, a much surer title than right without possession: is it not so also in most cases of consideration, respect, and admiration of the world?

CLXVII.

IT does not seem an easy question to resolve, whether men like best to *prime* over others, or to have others *prime* over them*.

CLXVIII.

RESPECT is better procured by exacting than soliciting it.

CLXIX.

SOME prejudices are to the mind, what the atmosphere is to the body; we cannot feel without the one, nor breathe without the other.

CLXX.

EVERY man will allow that a stander-by fees better than a player; no man will prefer the opinion of another about himself, to his own.

* To *prime*, is an expression borrowed from the French word *primer*, to be the first, to top, or lead others. It cannot be expressed by any single word in our language.

CLXXI.

SOME men have a reasonable understanding, and a ridiculous character.

FABRICIUS is of a very uncommon cast ; I hardly know so strong an instance of the contrariety between the understanding and character, as in him : he is, perhaps, the most sensible, the most droll, and the most foolish man you ever met with. Hark ! what a roar of laughter ! O ! it is a ring FABRICIUS has got round him ; he is certainly entertaining his company, with the most facetious and the most absurd stories you can conceive. Shall we get upon the table to see over the heads of those that surround him, what he is doing ?—See how he gesticulates ! how he mimicks the drawling affectation of the lady he is talking about !—What ! sure he is not dancing ! Yes, that decent brown coat, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, and square toed shoes ; that decent figure, that long black bob, is dancing like an antic !—And now again he is recounting. Were it possible for you to get through the crowd and listen to him, you would find that FABRICIUS is master of the keenest discernment, the most judicious discrimination you can conceive : he will extract—nay, take care he don't from you—he will extract every grain of ridicule out of a character, as a loadstone the particles of steel from those of sand that are mixed with them ; he will hold them up to the light,

and expose these absurdities, even though with them he exposes his own; nothing escapes him: nay, in these comic descriptions he will often mix the most ingenious observations, and the justest reasonings; and you are for a moment suspended between the admiration of his wit and his understanding: but as soon as the torrent of his humour breaks in upon you, every serious consideration is hurried away before it, and you think of nothing, you desire nothing, but those extatic breaks of laughter which he extorts from you: ask not for any relation of what he says, he alone can give it you; he is a living farce, a puppet-show, and we all supply the scenes, the incidents, and the fable of it. “Thus he uses the characters of others: what is his own?” Humorous you see, and, if the character of another, would be the best subject of humour to him. FABRICIUS possesses four thousand pounds per annum; but were you to judge of his rank in the world, either by his own appearance, or by that of the people he is connected with, you would perhaps suppose he had as many hundreds out of which he saved about half. He keeps no house, no equipage, no servants, no company; you would take him for a mechanic: no dignity in his appearance, no carriage, no address; yet he is perfectly free, and will converse with you, I mean *to* you, as long as you will hear him. “What are the subjects of his discourse?” Men,

— and

—and women—If you would see the comic side of the world, he is your man : he carries constantly in his mind a kind of human raree show, which he will exhibit gratis, without loss of time, to any person who cares, or does not care, to see it ; and this from morrow to morrow, as long as opportunity serves. Then you may depend upon the existence of the originals he gives you such *original copies* of ; they are all his own, or your intimates and friends : if you have not discovered their latent characteristics, he will shew them. “ *My friends and intimates ! will he ridicule my friends and intimates to me ? is that consistent with propriety and decorum ?* ” Nay, I only said it was droll ; and the oddity and impropriety of it certainly makes it droll in a higher degree. Not a little Miss but stares with astonishment at the choice of his subjects ; and if *he* paints *them*, *they* paint *him*, as well as they can. FABRICIUS is a man of taste too, and a man of letters : with the polite arts, and the unpolite professors of them, he is particularly connected : but his excellence is in the *out of the way* arts ; he chiefly delights in the useleſs and neglected studies ; he will set his mind on something that you, and I, and others would chuse to forget, and make a voyage to Aleppo to get to the bottom of it. When he is serious, he will talk to you and reason on these subjects extremely well ; and you will at least allow, that if he is in an er-

ror, it is fed not by wild fancy, but by reason and sense: FABRICIUS almost tempts one sometimes to think, that sense had lost her way, and was fallen into the hands of a fool. He has great talents in horsemanship too, and nothing can be more comic than his exercising those talents; his ideas are so much elevated above the brute creation, that he does not know one horse from another, and he is very apt——But what end of describing FABRICIUS? What pity is it, O FABRICIUS! that no power of nature, or necromancy, could at once transform thee into another, and leave thee thyself! what an account wouldst thou give of thyself!

CLXXII.

IT is the understanding that talks, and the character that acts; nay, that persuades*.

CLXXIII.

MEN lay down positions that are indisputable, and yet not only their antagonists deviate from them, but they themselves, whenever it serves their purpose.

* By character here is meant that which results from a man's peculiar turn of mind and natural disposition, which is seldom, perhaps never, corrected or changed by any degree of sagacity or understanding, however great. By this turn of mind and disposition, a man regulates his own actions as to their general tenor; and this fixes the opinion conceived of him by others, much more than any profession or declamation with which his *character* is observed not to coincide.

CLXXIV.

CLXXIV.

THE thing which of all others in the world we have most warning of, is what we are most deceived in, false reports.

CLXXV.

THEY who listen to themselves, are not listened to by others.

CLXXVI.

DESPAIR gives the shocking ease to the mind, that a mortification gives to the body.

CLXXVII.

A LITTLE restraint will often put the man of sense and the fool upon the same footing.

CLXXVIII.

IT is in general much less necessary for you to fix well, than to fix.

CLXXIX.

IT is by some actions in life, as by some little tricks of dexterity which are played in company among friends: they are shewn us, and we plainly see how simple and easy they are; yet when we try, we find ourselves unable to put them in practice.

CLXXX.

THERE sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally

nally concealed ; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.

CLXXXI.

SENSE should prompt us to talk, but we should not prompt sense ; or, to be more explicit, you should never be clever but when you cannot help it.

CLXXXII.

IF you are to judge of a watch which you find does not go *well*, you will certainly examine whether the movement is hindered by any accidental obstruction before you condemn it as a bad piece of work ; and should not the same rule be observed where it seems to be often neglected ? I mean in our judgments of men.

CLXXXIII.

ONE great satisfaction must be wanting to those who have been blessed with uninterrupted happiness ; the consciousness of that happiness arising from a reflection upon it.

CLXXXIV.

THINGS do not always strike in proportion as they are obvious ; on the contrary, some do not strike at all *because* they are obvious in the highest degree : has truth then its effect upon the mind, less as truth than as novelty ?

CLXXXV.

THE *improper* behaviour to some men, is the
being

being civil to them, and what they will *return accordingly*.

CLXXXVI.

I HAVE heard it vulgarly said, that if a thing was good we should receive it though it came from the devil ; this puts me in mind of the various motives for contentment among men.

WHEN we are very young, we admire and envy the person of one man, the riches of another, the parts of another, the house the gardens the horses of another, the bodily accomplishments, the what not, the beauties and advantages which result from art, or nature, or fortune, wherever we find them ; and we fail not to suppose that the possessor of them enjoys the happiness that we imagine they would give to us : how pleasing is such a man in his person or accomplishments, and what advantages must he have over such another, who is so much his inferior in every thing ! But we then little consider what it is that the enjoyment of these advantages must arise from ; we do not reflect how much of it depends upon others, upon their sentiments, opinion, and behaviour ; nor how much depends upon the mind and disposition of the possessor himself. When we are grown older, and various disappointments of what we have thought our most reasonable expectations have made us wiser, we admire, or we may do so at least, the
curious

curious dispensation of the benefits of this world, which so often makes up a real deficiency by an imaginary advantage. A man is neither pleasing in his person or character, he fancies himself so in both, and the illusions of his vanity produce real happiness, for they do not suffer him to see that the opinion of the world is different from his own. Another, who has neither taste nor discernment, admires a woman with false beauty and an affected understanding, he admires her offspring who are equally deficient, and he admires himself in both, with such a confident fondness, that it would be impossible for truth herself to shew him his mistake. If the world swarms with imperfections, it swarms also with minds that can enjoy them; and to such minds superior discernment will be no more missed or desired than sight by a man born blind: but as it must be granted, that those who see have a natural capacity for happiness which the blind have not; so it is true, that when natural advantages are possessed with a suitable temper and disposition, and in such circumstances as give them a proper effect upon others, they not only produce a proportionate sensation of happiness to the possessor, but also eclipse those that derive their happiness from mere imaginary perfection, who will themselves, by a necessary impulse, feel their own inferiority. But, alas! when do these various
requisites

requisites for happiness meet? the philosopher may draw specious conclusions, and indulge the most delicious hopes with respect to futurity; but *little* must he expect to find their concurrence here, *never* must he conclude, that in this world superiority is happiness.

CLXXXVII.

You are a married man, I think, Mr. a, a, a, what d'ye call'um? "O yes, Sir, this is my fourth wife." Good God! have you had four wives? why you are but a young man. "True, Sir, but I love the state. I was married, Sir, before I was twenty, and one wife has died one way, and another another; and in short, if this wife was to die, poor woman! I should certainly take another. O yes, I love the state extremely; no happiness, in my opinion, but in the married state." It is the *State* then, Mr. what d'ye call it, the *State* ITSELF that pleases you? you don't love your wife? "Not love my wife! God forbid! not love my wife! bless me, can any body charge me with following other women? not love my own wife!"—But I thought you said you would immediately marry again if she was to die? "Well, Sir—and is there any sin in that? you would not, I suppose, have me live with her after she was dead!" No, certainly; but yet, methinks, the forgetting one's wife so soon and taking another, is but an odd consequence

consequence of having loved her extremely,
 “ Why is it not enough then, Sir, to love a wo-
 “ man as long as she lives ?—I lov’d all my wives,
 “ for my part, poor women, as long as they
 “ lived, and so I should twenty more if I was to
 “ have them ; I think it one’s duty, for my part,
 “ to love one’s wife : and though I did not love
 “ e’er a one of them before I married them, I
 “ loved them all as soon as they became my
 “ wives : I know my duty, Sir—I love a so-
 “ ber regular life, for my part, and a wife is a
 “ wife, I think ; and a very good thing it is : I
 “ know, for my part, I will never be without
 “ one ; and, please God, I hope I shall always
 “ make a good husband.”——Well, these are
 charming principles ! Now I confess myself so
 unworthy, that if any thing could have destroyed
 the affection I have for my wife it would have
 been her becoming so. I loved her extremely be-
 fore I married her ; and my delicacy was rather
 wounded at even that imaginary constraint which
 marriage might be supposed to put upon her
 mind, by *making it a duty* to love me : liberty,
 free spontaneous and mutual tenderness, are very
 endearing, and afford an elevated and delicate sen-
 sation which is almost incompatible even with
 an ideal constraint. “ I beg pardon, Sir, I
 “ believe I did not hear you very well, I did
 “ not rightly understand you ; but in truth I
 “ got a sad ear-ach and cold at our last ’sises, and

“ I

“ I have never been rightly *sensible* since : I am
 “ grown quite *dull of hearing* ; I crave pardon,
 “ Sir.”—Why no, Mr. a, a, a, I don’t know,
 —I did not speak very plainly,—I don’t
 know why I muttered so, not I—I talked to
 myself, I think—Good night good Sir—pray
 my compliments to your spouse.*

CLXXXVIII.

* As some critics, for whose taste the author has great respect, have made several objections to this article, he thinks it his duty to offer something towards an explanation of it. And if upon this occasion the note should be as long as the article, he hopes that he shall not be hastily charged with unnecessary prolixity, as it may serve to throw some light upon other dark parts of his book, to which similar objections have been made. In the first place, then, he begs leave to inform his judges, that he did not mean to give that gentleman in the article, who is applied to by the other, the appellation of a, a, a, as was thought ; but only placed those three letters as marks of hesitation and doubtfulness in the speaker, who did not happen to recollect his friend’s name : and the author flatters himself that it has not been unusual for writers of familiar dialogue in plays or farces, to express hesitation in the same manner ; to whom, with great deference, he begs leave to refer his readers as a proof of his not imposing upon them : so far as to the meaning of the letters a, a, a. As to the meaning of the article in general, which also seems to have been covered with an impenetrable cloud, the author declares, that he drew the character of Mr. a, a, a, what d’ye call’um, or what d’ye call it, to illustrate the two reflections that immediately precede it, and to distinguish true philosophy from false by the effects : Mr. a, a, a, is, therefore, intended to represent a philosopher of that ancient school, which taught that apathy was the summum bonum, as a contrast to the ridiculous tastes and refinements of his friend : in consequence
 of

CLXXXVIII.

SOME men do by their sense, as farmers in the market by their corn, pass off a good deal of bad by the help of a little good.

CLXXXIX.

WHAT a weapon is ridicule against folly and falsehood!—But may not ridicule be employed also against wisdom and truth? RIDICULE IS THAT SPECIES OF WIT WHICH PROVOKES LAUGHTER; and that which provokes laughter in one man, will not always provoke laughter in another: one man may see the subject that you ridicule, in a light that favours your purpose of making it ridiculous, another in a light that may totally disappoint it; and truth being mistaken for falsehood by the erroneous mind, that mind may be provoked to laugh at truth: but, mistaking its

of this principle, he is represented as perfectly indifferent, whether his wife be fat or lean, or agreeable or disagreeable in her person or in her mind; whether she regards him with inclination, indifference or disgust; and whether, in short, she possesses any of those various elegancies which his friend is unphilosophical enough to require, as essentially necessary to his happiness. Mr. a, a, a, loves the state with a rational affection, and nothing can be more easily possessed; his friend expresses I know not what difficulties, which, if the severe cold he got at his county assizes, had not prevented his hearing them distinctly, are too absurd for him to comprehend. Mr a, a, a, what d'ye call it, or what d'ye call'um, is in fine recommended by the author, as an example of true philosophy well worthy imitation; in opposition to the fatal absurdities of a contrary character, which he has endeavoured to set up as a beacon for the security of others.

own peculiar error for truth, it cannot be provoked to laugh at that error, though others may. TO BE RIDICULOUS, IS TO BE WORTHY OF LAUGHTER; and most certainly truth and wisdom are *not ridiculous*; but though they do not *deserve* laughter, they may *excite* it: there was nothing that *deserved* laughter in Æsop's choosing the burden of bread which was heavier than any other, yet it excited the laughter of his fellow-slaves, who were not able to see the action in its *true* light, and did not consider that as the bread would be consumed upon the road, Æsop upon the whole of the journey would carry less than they, though at the beginning he carried more. It does, therefore, by no means follow, that because truth is *not ridiculous*, ridicule *is* the test of truth; for there is great difference between making a fool laugh at truth, and making truth ridiculous. Do not most disputes on this subject seem to have arisen from neglecting to make these distinctions?

AWAY, ye laughers; your mirth wounds me, your gaiety makes me sorrowful! you think SOPHRON ridiculous, I respect him; and trust me, the oppression and mockery of innocence is so far from exciting my laughter, that it awakens every tender emotion of kindness, and heightens every sentiment of delicacy and generosity. I confess that SOPHRON's dress is different from yours, and out of fashion; he is ignorant of the things that
 I
 you

you delight in: I see it; but remember, the reproach of man is not ignorance but pretension: SOPHRON is ignorant, but then he is unpretending; you are partially knowing, and self-satisfied. Yes, that very mirth which you think exposes his defects, really proves your own. SOPHRON is a man of business, nature formed him honest and complacent, and when she refused him that poignant vivacity, that lustre of taste and elegance with which she has enriched some souls, she gave an ample recompense for the deficiency—she bestowed upon him the modesty of non-pretension, and the candour of uprightness. He faithfully pursues the course nature has directed, he fills his duty of life, he acts his part irreproachably: as he feels no attraction to those pleasures which are so dear to others, so he candidly and rationally concludes that he has no merit in not pursuing them, and is cautious of condemning what those only to whom they are so dear can rightly comprehend. Real dishonesty is alone odious to SOPHRON, it is opposite to his nature, and therefore cannot coincide with it: he is so just in his dealings that his promise is equal to every possible tie of obligation or self-interest. It is true that he is very ignorant of many of the graces of society, he is deficient in the rules of good breeding, and to the undiscerning and indelicate his deficiency may sometimes appear ridiculous; but then the eye of true penetration will see far enough to exa-

mine the secret the remote sources of these deficiencies, and will discover that none of them arise from pride, hatred, or malevolence; and, therefore, *are not justly the objects of ridicule*. No; though the whole world should laugh at SOPHRON, SOPHRON would *not be ridiculous*.

CXC.

RICHES beget riches; poverty, poverty; melancholy reflection!

CXCI.

“A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush,” is a proverb that may have a very good moral. But I believe that if we could inculcate a quite *contrary* doctrine, it would be of much more general utility: it is, methinks, what is *not in hand* that seems to require our principal attention. The sacrifice of the present to the future, if a fault, seems too rare to require a particular caution, and to be like some unnatural crimes, in no danger of becoming epidemical.

CXCII.

WHEN I reflect upon the greatness of CÆSAR’S soul which could prompt him to contract a debt superior to his whole fortune, many times told, from a view of advantage, which, however great in the eye of his ambition, was yet distant and precarious; when I reflect upon his amazing neglect of a present advantage in favour of a much greater that was distant, by giving his vote and

H

interest

interest for POMPEY against himself, I am overwhelmed with astonishment and veneration. When I reflect on the numbers I know, who in numberless instances think and act from motives arising from the present moment, from mere custom, prejudice, or pride, not only in evident opposition to reason and conviction, but even to interest; when I reflect upon these instances of absurdity and narrowness of soul, I am not less astonished: but my astonishment is mingled with indignation and contempt; and I not only join with historians in acknowledging such a soul as CÆSAR's most uncommon, but add also, that the souls of these others are very common.

CXCIII.

POLITENESS is said to be the science of civility; yet persons are perhaps more frequently unpolite from *too much* civility than from *too little*.

CXCIV.

LATITUDE of thought and vice, as contractedness and virtue, are, it must be confessed, placed extremely near to each other, yet eternally separated.

CXCV.

Two men are equally free from the rage of ambition; are they therefore equal in merit? Perhaps not; one may be above ambition, the other below it.

CXCVI.

THERE is methinks a certain reflective cast and impartiality in FONTENELLE'S writings, which are found in few others: there is an observation in his Plurality of worlds, which lies out of the road of a common mind, and I think, however whimsical, it is particularly pleasing. "Such are the motions of the earth and the moon," says FONTENELLE, "that only one side of the moon can ever be turned towards the earth; to that side the earth is a moon forty times bigger than the moon is to the earth, but the other side has no moon at all: may we not then suppose, that curiosity is continually bringing travellers from the unenlightened to the enlightened hemisphere of that planet, merely to see in a foreign country our enormous luminary which they could never see in their own?" This reflection not only pleased me, but suggested another—Are there not intellectual lights, peculiar to the regions of different minds, which can never be seen without travelling from one to the other? And may I not carry the comparison still farther, and say, that these lights also are reflected, and that all our knowledge is to truth what the moon is to the sun, a faint reflection of broken rays that but just enlightens us and scarce warms us at all?

CXCVII.

How strangely forcible is the power of nature!

it often happens, that the thing we *try* to do is, for that very reason, undone; those we strive most to please, are perhaps those we make ourselves least agreeable to; we *try* to be gay, and we are stupid; to get the better of drowsiness and fatigue, and we sink the more under them: in short, it appears to me, that there are many things the success of which might be best ensured by *trying* to do *the direct contrary*.

CXCVIII.

THOUGH men hardly ever *think* themselves wrong in the offence, yet they almost always *feel* themselves so in the just reproof.

CXCIX.

AVARICE is both knave and fool.

CC.

It makes the philosopher smile to reflect, that the violent incentives of ambition should so often serve only to put men upon studying, watching, working, toiling, well or ill, for the service of those very persons whom they look down upon as scarcely of the same species with themselves. How mortifying could they once be sensible of it!

CCI.

It is from the same principle that men are very sweet and very sour; consequently we often see the two extremes in the same person.

CCII.

THE world is an excellent judge *in general*, but a very bad one *in particular*.

CCIII.

SOME inconsiderable though desirable effects, cannot be produced by common understandings, some considerable effects may ; yet men are always praised and honoured in proportion to the *effect*, and not in proportion to the *known difficulty* of producing it.

CCIV.

PROFUSION is generally nearer allied to avarice than generosity.

CCV.

THE criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination ; of false, that it lessens. There is something therefore in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

CCVI.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God ; so does politeness before men.

CCVII.

I HAVE heard politeness defined " an artificial " good nature ; " may we not more truly say, that good nature is a natural politeness ? art will make but an imperfect work if the assistance of nature is wanting.

H 3

CCVIII.

Good nature is the foundation of Politeness -

NATURE has ordained that some creatures should prey upon others, and it is observable that the latter have a certain instinct by which they know their enemies and avoid them; yet there is one creature whose strange instinct is to find out its enemy, and keep continually in its way: ask CLODIUS what creature I mean.

AH CLODIUS, said JULIA, how can I believe all you tell me? don't I know how often you have said the same thing to others? Yes, dear JULIA, said the insinuating, the false, the conquering CLODIUS, but consider to whom. Can I put you upon the same level with Fulvia, Clara, and Corinna, and such creatures? Do more justice, lovely JULIA, to yourself, if not to me. Well, said JULIA, we will not enter into an argument on the subject; but, believe me, I know perfectly well how little you think, what you so emphatically say; besides, you see it is my dinner-time, my husband is coming home, and I imagine it is your dinner-time too. Ah, cruel JULIA, how fast the hours fly in your presence, and with what regret do I always leave you!—Shall I not pay my respects to you to-morrow?—No indeed, I am engaged to-morrow—Next day then?—Why, next day—said she, as she intently counted the sticks of her fan, I am engaged too—but you may call—if you will—a moment.

I HAVE heard of some creature which when dressed for food, has in its different parts the tastes of many others. It puts me in mind of SICINIUS, who is by fits a French *Agréable*, an English farmer, a keen sportsman, and a book-worm; not to mention several other little turns of whim or fancy, to which SICINIUS sometimes gives his mind. Nothing is more jaunty than young SICINIUS: if you saw him at the opera or play-house, and had never heard who he was, you would certainly ask; for his appearance is striking, his cloaths hang so easy about him, he is so minutely well dressed, I mean with that commanding ease as well as propriety, that the assemblage of the whole must strike even those eyes, by which particular parts would be undistinguished.—He lolls, he talks, he holds his tongue, still with a certain uncommon superiority—he is the truth of an *Agréable*—You would scarce think, whilst you saw some fashionable woman almost paying her court to SICINIUS on the outside of her side-box, that he intended going the next morning, perhaps that very night, to his old house in the country, to shut himself up there for many months; but still less would you believe, that he was just come from the baker's club, where he had talked his five minutes, and worn his great wig and great coat like a true and orthodox

member of that celebrated and learned society. Will you follow him to his old house in the country?—You will see him with his hair hanging about his ears, and not only with as bad a coat as any farmer in the country, but also with as bad an air: yes, he is a Proteus: so far from being *absurd* about things that happen to lie out of his way, he constantly finds out the very *something* which distinguishes every class of men: he assumes the most contrary characters, and is this moment the very reverse of what he was the last.—SICINIUS takes his oaken stick, gets a-stride a kind of *half-cart* mare, and kicks her to market to a neighbouring town; there he will look at and cheapen some hay, or oats, and no one understands both more minutely; nor will he fail to wet the bargain with the seller. He has been known to drink very near his gallon of bad ale in an evening with a set of farmers in the midst of tobacco-smoak, to which he fairly contributed his full share of whiffs, nay, and to talk just as well, and as much as the best of them.—Were it not for scandalizing, I would mention too how much SICINIUS would be found to have changed his taste as to his ladies—but that—As to this rustic life, he may perhaps continue it sometime, perhaps turn short about and assume another, it is just as it happens; however, you may be certain whatever are his avocations, he will alwas be—*totus in illis*—He has been known to remain a whole year together
in

in an odd character, and to have been quite despaired of by his acquaintance who were in another. —However, I think they all recover him again first or last.—At present indeed SICINIUS mixes two characters together, which you must allow to be extremely different—He is a pedant and a fox-hunter. He boards with a nobleman's keeper at his little hut, lives absolutely by himself, and is up every other morning in December two hours before it is light to attend the fox-hounds, six twelve or fourteen miles from home, and he has no companion or attendant but a little pocket Horace. He divides his conversation between the hounds and his Horace. In the field SICINIUS speaks to no living creature, except (I say) a hound; and to hounds no one speaks so well—no man makes a *try* like him, or *gets* so well *into* hounds; nor does he ever quit the field while even a terrier remains in it—he has been known to stay many hours after star-light with labourers and whippers-in and terriers at an earth.—No man is so keen or so good a sportsman as SICINIUS; nor would any, who did not know it, suspect that all the while he had his little Horace in his pocket: when he does not hunt, he converses with him—or his horse; and perhaps next year we may see a translation of Horace by SICINIUS. One half of the year perhaps he is a sober man, and drinks little or no wine; the next, possibly, he is as great a reveller as Marc Anthony, and few men become
jollity

jollity better. If you should get up at four o'clock in the morning to go a hunting, during SICI-
NIUS's revelling season, you may, perhaps, meet
him with his fine cloaths unbuttoned, and his fine
lace ruffles as black as the ground, staggering
home down both sides of the street. When SICI-
NIUS sets about it, he is quite the *agréable debau-
ché*. What he will enter upon next, I can't say;
but I expect to hear, one day or other, that he
has taken orders, and is——an archbishop.

CCX.

WEAKNESS of mind is still more disgusting
than vice.

CCXI.

WEAK men often, from the very principle of
their weakness, derive a certain susceptibility, de-
licacy and taste, which render them, in those par-
ticulars, much superior to men of stronger and
more consistent minds who laugh at them.

CCXII.

SOME men have the strange faculty of com-
manding an inattention to what is well worth the
hearing.

CCXIII.

A PROUD man never shews his pride so much
as when he is civil.

CCXIV.

THINGS which men call the causes of their
melancholy, are, I believe, often the effects of it.

CCXV.

CCXV.

MORTIFYING reflection ! however difficult it may be for us to see our faults, it is still more to correct them. Consolating reflection ! seeing our faults is often more an atonement for them, than correcting them.

CCXVI.

THE poets judged like philosophers, when they feigned love to be blind : how often do we see in a woman, what our judgment and taste approve, and yet feel nothing towards her ; how often what they both condemn, and yet feel a great deal !

CCXVII.

IF opinion is fashion, and who will say it is not, what is reason ?

CCXVIII.

THE facility of procuring many of our very best pleasures grows with, nay, alas ! even from our indifference towards them.

CCXIX.

THERE is an unfortunate disposition in man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.

CCXX.

WE often mistake the effect for the cause ; it is, for instance, generally much less the love that invades the heart, than it is the heart that invites the love.

CCXXI.

CCXXI.

GOOD humour will sometimes conquer ill-humour, but ill-humour will conquer it oftener; and for this plain reason—good humour must operate on generosity, ill-humour on meanness.

CCXXII.

WHEN a rational and delicate man acts ill by another, and who is there that always acts well, there is no return that marks it to him so sensibly, or so effectually corrects him, as the forbearance and concession of him whom he has offended: but it unfortunately happens, that the very thing which is most likely to correct the failings of the generous, is most likely to encourage the ungenerous to offend.

CCXXIII.

IT is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove, what a little will only accustom you to endure.

CCXXIV.

How many men might truly say, I tossed up whether I should be happy or miserable, and lost!

CCXXV.

IT requires recollection, even in a sensible man, to see that *things* are the same at the end and beginning of a period of ten or twenty years. *

CCXXVI.

* After a lapse of ten years, the effect which almost every object

CCXXVI.

WE shall be often deceived if we expect men to quit an opinion *as soon* as the cause which produced it is removed ; as the turbulent sea will by no means lose its turbulence with the storm that occasioned it.

CCXXVII.

THE merriest people are not always those whose hearts are most susceptible of joy.

CCXXVIII.

THE well-concerted project of a sensible man, *must* often depend for success on the will of a fool.

CCXXIX.

WHEN I reflect upon the particular consideration and attention which superior honours or riches command, it puts me in mind of certain days, when clouds are flying about, and the sun happens to shine out strongly from between some of them on particular parcels of ground : those spots of the prospect will then be gilded and distinguished to the eye in such a manner, that all the others, however beautiful they may be in themselves, will be quite overlooked and disregarded.

CCXXX.

EVERY man, I believe, has his weak place, and may be duped if it could be found out.

object has upon us is so different, that we are apt to conclude the objects themselves are not the same ; but we may discover our mistake, by observing the effects they have on others who are ten years younger.

CCXXI.

CCXXXI.

WHEN men are accused of an ill humour or displeasure, which is so violent that it bears no proportion to the apparent cause of it, it is, I believe, very rare, but that there are other foreign and hidden causes, unknown, perhaps, even to the person himself, which contribute to and heighten that violence.

CCXXXII.

MAY not taste be compared to that exquisite sense of the bee, which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest of it?

CCXXXIII.

WHAT a day!—The cold, the rain, the winds are past; and a glow of warmth, splendor, and beauty, is spread over the face of the earth! My mind expanded and rejoiced in its influence. I contemplated nature in all its glory; and I felt, that thus to contemplate nature was to be happy. My reason was urged to the most pleasing consequences; and, that I might indulge it without interruption, I returned again to my study: here my attention was drawn to a number of flies which I had left in my window scarce able to crawl, and which were now sporting in the beams of the sun, and exulting in the vigour and delight which the weather

weather had inspired. Good God, am *I* then a fly! *

CCXXXIV.

OF all distinctions, sure none is so little attended to, as that between the necessary care to preserve our own right, and the invasion of the right of another: men are so apt to think their own right more than it is, and the right of others less, that he who is equally scrupulous and vigilant to preserve both in their utmost extent, will probably be despised as a dupe, merely because he scorns to dupe others: such a chance has honesty for respect among the major part of those, who are pleased to value themselves for being notable and clever, for having a most sagacious discernment, and knowing how to make the most of it!

CCXXXV.

WHAT trouble and pains do people often take to make themselves agreeable, when every effort carries them farther from their point! and how

* Some readers of this article have asked, why, on such an occasion, a man should cry out "am I a fly?" or why he should tell us in print that he did so. But it is hoped these questions arise merely from an inattention to the meaning that is implied, though not expressed in the exclamation. "Has sunshine the same effect upon me that it has upon a fly; upon me the child of reason, whom other causes only should elevate and depress? Is not only my body but my very soul invigorated? and am I not only urged to corporeal but to mental pleasure, by the change of the breeze, or the dissipation of a cloud!"

much surprized would they be, could they be persuaded that there was an infallible secret of succeeding in their desires, which was—to do nothing.

CCXXXVI:

REMOVING prejudices, is, alas ! too often removing the boundary of a delightful near prospect, in order to let in a shocking extensive one.

CCXXXVII.

HOWEVER fond we are of ourselves, we are often, I believe, less averse to the man who dupes us, than to the man we dupe.

CCXXXVIII.

SOME men seem to talk sense, as some musicians play music, because it is *their trade*. As to taste or reflection—I had almost said consciousness either in music or sense—that is not part of the trade, and therefore they know nothing of it.

CCXXXIX.

CHARITY is a virtue much talked of, but I think very little understood. Charity, it is said, forbids me to think such or such ill of such particular persons. What ! does charity prompt one thing, and reason another ? Charity may regulate our behaviour, but can have no influence over our opinion.

CCXL.

It would be a ridiculous trial, and yet, I believe, a very efficacious one, if it was possible to compel every man to bet ten thousand pounds, if he

he had so much, on every opinion he himself should tell you he was confirmed in : might not such a favour make some strange revolutions in the faith of men who themselves little suspect it ?

CCXLI.

I HAVE sometimes said to myself, why should I hate people because they are irrational, prejudiced, and selfish ? it is not their fault, they were *made* so. And yet, if I am *made* to hate their being so, may not I also have my privilege ?

CCXLII.

I HAVE often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of men in general, but superior in particular.

CCXLIII.

THE same disposition which makes men inquisitive and curious in small things, makes them negligent and incurious in great ones.

CCXLIV.

It is, methinks, worthy the curiosity of a nice observer of human nature, to watch the course of a principle in the mind, and mark its various effects ; now cherishing a virtue ; now a vice ; now establishing order, and now inclining to irregularity : to trace it like a stream from a source, through all its windings ; each of which, those who see but a part, distinguish by a differ-

ent name, and suppose to be fed by a different spring.

CCXLV.

I HARDLY remember to have known two people thought to be alike, but that both were displeased.

CCXLVI.

THERE are some persons, who are sharpers to one set of men, and dupes to another; as the little fish prey upon less, and the great fish prey upon them.

CCXLVII.

UNBECOMING forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.

CCXLVIII.

How happily is an imperfection sometimes placed in the mind! how unhappily a perfection!

CCXLIX.

WHAT an argument in favour of social connection is the observation, that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

CCL.

SOME men hate human nature, because it belongs to others; some love it, because it belongs to themselves*.

CCLI.

* Some men consider human nature only as belonging to others, and they affect to hate it for its ill qualities; some consider

CCLI.

A MAN should not be conscious of his own perfections; and yet, methinks, he should be conscious of them. I feel something of a distinction here, which is so fine that it escapes every term of language.

CCLII.

A VERY great source of error is the common practice of judging, what men will appear in a point of view in which we have not seen them, from what they appear in another in which we have seen them.

CCLIII.

Good and bad seem to be blended together through all nature, and sometimes to be confounded with each other. In man there seem to be certain vices and virtues which generally go together; and when we see, as we continually do, that some faulty characters please, and some virtuous characters displease, we ought to distinguish what *in particular* it is, that pleases or displeases in them; and if we do, we shall find, at least I believe much oftener than we are aware of,

consider human nature as belonging to themselves in common with others, and therefore not only affect to love it for its good qualities, but impute to it good qualities that it does not possess: and this has been the case with all general encomiasts, and satyrists, of human nature; the encomiast gives *himself* credit for all the good he imputes to human nature, and the satyrist excepts *himself* from all the ill.

that the virtuous character displeases only in the vicious part, and the vicious character pleases only in the virtuous part. It must indeed be confessed, that some virtuous characters displease us more upon the whole, than some vicious characters ; but then it happens, that the vice mingled in the virtuous character is of the most odious kind, for we are more offended with parsimony degenerated into avarice, than with liberality pushed on to profusion : and it should also be remembered, that there are some good and bad qualities, which partake very little either of virtue or vice, and will yet almost obscure the one, and atone for the other.

CCLIV.

FOR the *first* time the difference may not be very great, perhaps, whether you are to impose upon a person who has a great deal of sagacity, or one who has but little ; but the difference the *second* time will be immense.

CCLV.

THE method of knowing whether your sum total be right in arithmetic, is to try it by the figures which compose it : the method of knowing whether your content in the world is just, is not by the causes that produce it, for the produce itself is a proof that the causes are what they should be.

CCLVI.

CCLVI.

THE greatest deceiver in the world is human reason*.

CCLVII.

As we should adapt the style of our writing to the capacity of the person it is addressed to, so should we our manner of acting; for as persons of inferior *understandings* will misconceive, and perhaps suspect some sophistry from an elegance of expression which they cannot *comprehend*, so persons of inferior *sentiments* will probably mistake the intention, or even suspect a fraud from a delicacy of acting which they want capacity to *feel*.

CCLVIII.

HARDLY a man, whatever his circumstances and situation, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy. It is however certain all men are not unhappy in the same degree, tho' by these accounts we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing that all men measure the happiness they possess, by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?

CCLIX.

WE lament at every ill we have, we rejoice at none we have not.

* Human reason may be said to be a greater deceiver even than human passions, because it is less suspected.

CCLX.

How many times in your life have you met with the *most* unreasonable and extraordinary man you *ever* met with?

CCLXI.

WE are about as much mortified to be duped by another, as we are satisfied to be duped by ourselves.

CCLXII.

THE fool is led into mistakes by his own inconsistency; the man of sense by that of others.

CORINNA is very pretty, very gay, and very fantastical; PHARAMOND is one of her most passionate admirers, and he is so silly and so vain as to construe common civility into the highest encouragement, and a little innocent coquetry into a tacit promise of the last favour. FULVIUS is also a sincere admirer of CORINNA, and FULVIUS is a man of gallantry, sense, and discernment. CORINNA, however capriciously she may have behaved to others, has shewn a peculiar partiality to FULVIUS. PHARAMOND *thinks* himself encouraged, and FULVIUS *is* so. The other day PHARAMOND paid a visit to CORINNA, and behaved so impertinently and so impudently that CORINNA was forced to turn him down stairs. FULVIUS paid a visit soon after, and presuming upon the repeated testimonies of her favour, he urged his passion with great delicacy indeed, but

but with great ardour, and—he was turned down stairs.

CCLXIII.

IF you meet young TORISMOND at the opera, and ask him how he does ; he will answer you, “ his dam was got by Whitefoot, his grand dam “ by Julius Cæsar, his great grand dam by “ Chimney-sweeper, his great great grand dam “ by Silly Tom out of the old Mouna barb “ mare.”——Have you any running horses to sell ? — or match ? — you may do either with young TORISMOND, *quite upon an agreeable footing* ; three or four hundred pounds are with him but as so many farthings. TORISMOND has seldom fewer racers in his string than thirteen or fourteen ; most of them first formed nags, and all TORISMOND’s intimate friends. TORISMOND is none of your half bred jockeys ; he improves in *training* ; and if he goes on improving till he is an old man, he will certainly be a jockey *in an exceeding high form*. If you meet TORISMOND on the road—whether on horseback or in his chariot, its all one—it will be full gallop : his out-riders indeed may be trotting behind, for they ride coach-horses, he drives running horses—in order to have a race before his eyes wherever he goes. O ! *they have all six won many and many a king’s plate !* You ask whither he is going in such a hurry ? What a question ! to see *his friends* to be sure : and the next day, if you go the same road, you will per-
I 4 haps

haps see him coming the same pace back again, after having seen them. You don't comprehend the pleasure resulting from looking at beasts?—Well, if you are so dull I cannot help it: it will be in vain to recommend to you the contemplation of this beautiful string; you will never comprehend the grace of their jutting walk, the charm of their ungain gallop, the delightful whisk of a long, ragged, and ugly tail, much less the beauty of a horse's stopping short, bolting his tail straight up, and—But it would require the pen of a Swift to describe all the *delicie* of those dear Houyhnhnms, which that great man had the penetration to see, and the taste to enjoy. TORISMOND enjoys them all; and next to the horses he enjoys their feeder: if you was to meet that same feeder and TORISMOND together, they would put you in mind of the two kings of Brentford—they always whisper—no matter whether any one is near, or whether there is any secret, they are always cheek by jowl—and whispering: nay, if there was a secret, and you were near, and were to listen, you would get nothing by it; their language is that of a jockey, and you would find it about as intelligible as that of a horse. TORISMOND is an adept you see, he is deep in the mystery,—he is indeed a jockey. You ask why he does not rather think of being a politician, and making a figure in
public

public life—indeed I do not know ; whether it be that he has any *party prejudices*, or what it is indeed I do not know, but he does not think of it. Well then, say you, as he is young, some gallantries with the fine ladies might be a cleverer employment—Bless me, but suppose he has no taste for any of these things ! I tell you, TORISMOND is a jockey, a very jockey ; and every time he wakes out of his sleep, he says—“ Give me another horse.”

CCLXIV.

EVEN honest men mistake oftener in their own favour than in other peoples.

CCLXV.

How should man give or receive a true account of man ? he must be both party and judge.

CCLXVI.

WE are scarce ever so just either to ourselves or others, as to attend even to the thing that pleases us when not accompanied and set off by something else. STRABO takes a journey to see the fine situation of his friend's seat ; he passes by twenty situations in his road which are incomparably more beautiful without even looking at them, and yet, when he arrives at that he is in raptures with it. STRABO thinks Flavia vastly handsome, and prefers her to Honoria ; yet in fact, Flavia is much less handsome and agreeable, and he himself would think so if Flavia had not
by

by some chance come into more fashion. Beauties then, whether of art or nature, are it seems a kind of adjectives—they are not allowed to *stand by themselves*. STRABO is fond of operas, he has very great pleasure in hearing Amorevoli sing, and even distinguishes and enjoys the peculiar excellence of his taste and expression; yet it happened the other day before STRABO got into his chariot to go to the opera, that a friend of his, who was waiting with him for the hour, hummed an Italian air; STRABO appeared not even to hear it, and yet that friend, perhaps, was master of as much taste and expression as Amorevoli himself. STRABO too loves truth and sentiment; and one night at supper a gentleman unknowingly made a remark which happened to contain exactly the sense of an excellent maxim of LA ROCHE-FOUCAULT; STRABO answered,—Come, Sir, give me your toast.

CCLXVII.

THE test of some reflections is the immediate assent to them; the test of others, and perhaps of those which are much the best, is the immediate dissent.

CCLXVIII.

MEN sometimes arraign follies or faults in others, which they have not *sense* or *virtue* enough to be guilty of themselves: * you may be distant from

* This may be the case with respect to heroism pushed on to rashness, and public spirit to quixotism.

the point of right by *stopping short*, as well as *going beyond it*.

CCLXIX.

How happy is it for us, that the admiration of others should depend so much more on their ignorance than our perfection!

CCLXX.

HOWEVER far some men may have gone in the science of impartiality, I am persuaded that there is not one of them but would be surprized if he could be shewn how much farther he might go.

CCLXXI.

THERE are some men in whom a deficiency of sense or wit gives no pain; there are some men in whom an abundance of both gives no pleasure. †

BRILLUS has no great depth of understanding, but, though you have, it will be your fault if he don't please you. BRILLUS is in his person extremely agreeable, in his behaviour proper, in his manners free, in his heart good-natured. There is a certain carelessness about him, not easily defined, but peculiar, and extremely becoming; and though his conversation has nothing very uncommon in it, yet it is never injudicious or displeasing. His nature is gay, yet soft; and tho'

† This maxim is illustrated by the three following characters, which were intended also as pictures of nature contrasting each other.

he has often flights of fancy, yet he is never overbearing, for they are always natural and often endearing. He never copies any man, and for that reason is often copied. BRILLUS is a man of the world, he dresses well, but without study, and it rather seems as if he could not do otherwise than as if he desired to do it; all awkwardness is repugnant to his nature, he was born polite, easy, and what the French so emphatically call *placé*. He is governed by a kind of natural instinctive propriety, and this principle is not only strong but universal; he never speaks improperly, for even his gaiety and a certain freedom in his discourse, is so very much his own, fits so well upon him, and is so naturally inoffensive to others, that it is impossible not to be pleased with it: every thing BRILLUS does becomes him, and he proves how much the qualities of the heart are preferable and even assistant to those of the understanding. If you want to talk of sciences or books, you must not apply to BRILLUS, for he seldom or never reads; if you want to distinguish nicely, or reason profoundly, you must not apply to BRILLUS, for he gives up speculation and theory for pleasure and practice: but if you possess extensive knowledge and deep penetration yourself, you will never be shocked with his pretensions to what he does not understand, or dogmatical decisions upon what he does, but will be at full liberty to exercise your good humour, your gaiety, your happiness with BRILLUS.

PHOCION

PHOCION is a gentleman, and a man of letters; he has written several ingenious things which have done him credit in the world; his understanding then deserves that credit, and you must approve it: yet, if your character is a pleasing one, you will find PHOCION insupportable, *because* his understanding deserves that credit. PHOCION is in his person by no means pleasing, in his behaviour seldom proper, in his manners forward, in his disposition impertinent: there is a certain stiffness about him which is extremely ungraceful; and though his conversation is often very ingenious, yet it is always accompanied with so much conceit, that it never pleases even a good head if it belongs to a good heart. PHOCION is rather a man of ingenuity than of taste: if he writes you a letter, it will certainly be most exact in orthography and style, and perhaps full of sense; but he has no conception that there are faults in a negligent freedom, which have ten times more beauty than his forced accuracy can confer. His nature is falsely gay, that is, pert and pragmatical; and though he has often flights of fancy, in which there is real wit, yet there always appears so much desire to shew it, so much of what the French so emphatically call *gauche*, that it intirely loses its effect, nay possibly it displeases merely by the impropriety with which it is introduced. But if you was to tell PHOCION that wit misplaced becomes folly, how cheap would he hold you for
your

your nonsensical paradox ! PHOCION is a fine gentleman *manqué*. He has, instead of the decent freedom and *air du monde*, that forced forwardness which talents without taste, flattered by talents without taste, naturally acquire. He takes himself for an agreeable union of the scholar and the gentleman ; for the *polite scholar*, and as such he holds forth. Dress he does not much regard ; however, he orders his tailor to make him a frock, he don't mind the colour, with a silver edging upon it, and a tight round sleeve, which with a coal black bob-wig makes an agreeable gentleman-like *Neglidgee* : if you ask him why he don't powder his bob, he will, with a smile, ask you the *use*, the *beauty*, the *naturalness* of powder ; nay possibly prove to you the absurdity of flinging white dust into a beautiful natural black, and thus come as it were with a rule and pair of compasses to measure what is in itself unmeasurable, thus reason upon what is not cognizable by reason ; what, I had almost said, is superior to reason, TASTE. He is right, that is, he is self-persuaded ; but in fact his ideas are inelegant, he is *deplacé* : in a word, PHOCION can write well and talk well, but he cannot please.

ADRASTUS is neither a polished man of the world nor a scholar ; nay, he has not the smallest pretensions to the character of either, and yet he is often acceptable to both : he is not the least acquainted with books, not even those in his own language,

language, and he is equally ignorant of the elegancies of life : his breeding does not extend an inch farther than civility ; his dress is always after his own fashion, nor is he less singular in his pleasures and tastes ; and yet there are twenty little things that ADRASTUS understands better than any man, and not one but he will take pleasure in doing for you : do you want to have a carriage made, a landau, or a post-chaise, he will order it for you, and it will be made just as you wish it ; its *fort* shall be either convenience or *jemminefs*, or a proper mixture of both, just as your character requires it. He will himself see the stuff it is made of, and above all he will take care you shall not be cheated ; he knows every particular of every one of the various trades the whole must pass through. Would you buy two or three horses for this post-chaise ? he will even do that for you ; and not a splint, or spavin, or bad eye, or old broken knee, or pinch't foot, or low heel, escapes him. He will chuse any sort of horse equally well, from the thorough English black up to the best bred bay. ADRASTUS is the best humour'd fellow in the world, and, however distant from every thing that is French, is always acceptable to the most fashionable people, unless they are very much pinched and precise indeed ; nay, he likes the company of ladies that are good-humoured and free, and will readily make one with them at a Vaux-hall party, and
when

when there, will not fail to get them the best box; and the best things of all sorts; he has but to give Mr. Tyers a wink and all is done; they have drank many a bowl of punch together, and smoaked many a pipe. By the way, do you love punch? he'll get you such rum as perhaps you never tasted.—You may send ADRASTUS about at your Vaux-hall parties like a waiter if you will, he desires no better sport; nay, after supper when the chief of the company is gone, he will take a French-horn, and, give him a good second, he will delight you. If you love hunting, he will clang you the hunting notes till the gardens ring again; you will, like Alexander “fight all your battles o'er again, and slay again the slain.” However, don't mistake me, ADRASTUS never in his life hunted with a French-horn, he knows things better; he only practises it as a genteel amusement. O! ADRASTUS is an excellent sportsman in every branch of it. But ADRASTUS is indeed a most general man as far as modern things, mechanical things, and useful things, go.—Would you shew your hounds to a good judge? get ADRASTUS to your kennel; the best shaped ones will not escape him; and his hints may be worth listening to if you want to make any new crosses: then if he attends you in the field, and you know and love *the truth*, you'll be delighted with ADRASTUS; he never rides much,
but

but yet he is always first in at the death ; you'd swear that either he had whispered the fox which way to go, or the fox him which way he intended to go. **ADRASTUS** is indeed a most manly character ; all exercises are familiar to him : few men beat him formerly at a hop step and jump ; he now flings a cricket-ball with most men, is a tolerable back-hand in a tennis-court, and very few men indeed excel him at a cudgel. Some people of rule instead of taste might object to **ADRASTUS** as having something odd in his appearance, carriage, and dress, and not being gentleman-like : but if you are not of the number you will hold them very cheap ; nay, it will be that very oddity that delights you and makes your connection with him more pleasing, as different notes of music make more striking concord than the same. No man makes a worse bow than **ADRASTUS**, or perhaps looks less like a gentleman ; and that is his perfection. His conversation too is like no other person's, and yet few other persons please you as much as **ADRASTUS** : you ask me, why ?
—ask nature.

CCLXXII.

HOWEVER inferior natures run down superior ones, they never fail paying them the most sincere, as the most involuntary homage, whenever they meet without disguise.

CCLXXIII.

WHAT is curiosity ? a strong desire of know-

K

ing

ing the object that excites it : how then do you reconcile that universal principle of curiosity with that universal reception of falsehood in mankind ?

CCLXXIV.

I HARDLY know so melancholy a reflection, as that parents are necessarily the sole directors of the management of children, whether they have, or have not, judgment, penetration, or taste, to perform the task.

CCLXXV.

HAOYK, haoyk, hawrk, hoalow ! Poor FURIO was a little in his beer ; and, contrary to his custom, he accosted us, his left fore finger in his left ear, with this sporting, this deafening vociferation : generally he is rather glum, and you see plainly, for it is plainly to be seen, that the fire and spirit of his character lies a little low. FURIO professes himself a lover of his own country, a very patriot ; happy turn in a young gentleman possessed of 3000*l.* per annum ! those are the men to do honour to it. “ D——n their
 “ bags and solitaires,” says FURIO—“ d——n their
 “ operas, their suppers, and their speeches and
 “ stuff, there’s no taste, no honesty in any of
 “ them ; they have no soul, by g——d, they have
 “ no soul ! what has a man of fortune and taste
 “ to do with any thing but a pack of fox-hounds,
 “ well man’d and well hors’d, and *something* in
 “ a *good qualification* upon which he can sport
 “ two

“ two or three cool hundreds ? D——me this is
 “ living, and like a gentleman ! d—n all their
 “ French nonsense say I ; by g—d there is not
 “ one of them knows a horse from a gelding, or
 “ whether he is fourteen fifteen or sixteen hands
 “ high. Old England ! say I.” Thus FURIO
 ran on ; and had you heard the tone, the empha-
 sis, with which he uttered it all, it must have im-
 pressed it very deeply on your mind, as it did on
 mine. His carriage and dress were quite corres-
 pondent to his discourse ; and I lamented that a
 figure which nature had done so much for, should
 be thus disgraced by false education, and ill-di-
 rected spirit : he was light, admirably shaped, and
 made to be genteel ; his dress was adapted to his
 character, extravagant and minutely exact to eve-
 ry rule of taste and elegance received by the best
 judges in the class of men to which he belonged,
 from head to foot, from his scratch combed down
 to his eyes, to his walking shoe (not pump) with
 one leather for his heel, and no leather for his
 toe ; he never admitted any, nor did any hints
 from the repeated knocks he got from intruding
 stones, (for the toes were so round and flat, he
 got many) induce him to alter the fashion. In
 his carriage he had an agreeable slouch beyond de-
 scription, a determined merit-conscious air, and
 stood with his long shoes almost straight as well
 as flat on the ground, and his right hand thrust
 into his bosom—the elbow a little rounded—

within two buttons of the top of his waistcoat, (I mean the *upper*, for he always wears four,) which was only buttoned down to the last two buttons, for that also is the *bel-air*: his talk was generally laconic, yet sturdy; but the chief expression of eloquence lay in a peculiar style of spitting, occasioned by the best pig-tail'd quid in the three kingdoms. Alas! poor human nature! how has all the spirit of thy composition been perverted! what an exuberance of fire, life, perhaps taste and merit, had it been rightly directed! I fell into many reflections on human nature, on the force of education, on the negligence of parents and educators, and retired; nor thought I more of FURIO, when I had once got him out of my head, till the next year a character I met with accidentally, recalled him to my mind, by the opposition and contrast of it. It was a young man of a pretty figure just landed from France, and to all appearance a French coxcomb, the very reverse of FURIO. He held forth on the intolerable rusticity of the English—"they dont know how to live, they can neither walk, sit, nor stand; ah! *quelle disgrâce!* how *coifféed!* how *chaufféed!*" and indeed his shoes were in one respect the very reverse of FURIO's, for they were so very piqued that they could not fail pinching and squeezing his toes all together: he raved about clear sauces, *Entrees, Entremets, Desserts,* what

what not; every third word was French, *Ecorché* indeed sometimes, but the aim was always perfect: if an *a* came in his way, he took care it should be broader than the strongest affectation in a Frenchman would have made it, *je'n suis bien* FAAWCHE; no truer Frenchman as far as heart and inclination could go; every common-place remark against his own country was run over, and none was so odious. Ah, thinks I, were FURIO here—his friend comes in and accosts him, with “My dear Will FURIO!” I started, stared, wondered—it was he, it was FURIO.

CELXXVI.

PELEUS proposes to himself the character of a fine gentleman; and what, think you, are in his opinion the requisites necessary to form it? why, happily for PELEUS, those which he possesses and no other. PELEUS has a *good leg*, a *very good leg*—the calf full, muscular, not too high nor too low, going off handsomely without too sudden or too considerable a diminution, and this is the principal; but think not that this is all: accompaniments, ornaments, must attend on this leg in particular, and in general on the whole person; he dresses himself like a fine gentleman, and this leg especially employs many happy moments to adorn, and many more to think of. Can you recommend any super-excellent hosier? PELEUS don't mind price: do you know where

the best morning, afternoon, or boot-stockings, are to be bought? PELEUS wants many sorts, particularly ribbed ones—they shew the leg well. O! here he comes,—this is PELEUS: did you ever see so neat a leg? the knee at top, delightful! the foot at bottom, divine! if I was a stocking-merchant, I would give PELEUS half my stock if he would let his leg fit for my sign. You say, “his stocking looks tight”—tight is not the word, I say it looks like his skin: and see how the muscles swell! how firm, how elastic! their influence ascends even to his countenance—do you not see in his face how handsome his legs are? “But has PELEUS then, as a fine gentleman, nothing but legs to stand upon?” Nothing quite so perfect, but yet many excellencies in which he surpasses most other fine gentlemen; in PELEUS, there is a correspondency throughout, mind and all. He often dresses after dinner to be compleat in one of the side-boxes at about seven; there he spends most of his evenings, and need he say any thing there? his *accomodage*, his cloaths, his stock exactly plaited and broad, and, above all, tight to an almost choaking degree, will not they speak for him? “But his legs”—true, if you are not in the same box you will not see them; but you may perhaps be able to get into it, and then you will, some how or other, I’ll answer for it. PELEUS is indeed a most finished piece, no Flemish
one

one more so ! nor is his taste so confined as you may imagine ; he knows and frequents some of the best taverns, nor does he fail to assume a proper dignity, by swearing as loud at the waiters as any man. If he is with ladies, he knows the French manner ; he will pick his teeth one by one so carelessly, so delicately ! or he will whistle so agreeably, he would charm you. His whirling new chariot is made by Butler, and nothing can follow better ; and I hear he is actually about another pair of neat light bays. You ask “ if PELEUS is polite, easy, gallant ; if his carriage and conversation have that propriety “ which distinguishes true good breeding ; if he “ knows all those delicacies of behaviour which “ are known to so few ; that politeness of heart, “ which, like a kind of internal sense, feels as “ it were all the peculiarities of different circumstances of time, place, and company, still accommodating itself to each with equal softness “ and dignity ; if he possesses, above all, that natural, that unassumed and unassuming superiority, which characterizes the fine gentleman “ of every country in the world ? ” but to what end are all these questions ? I tell you he has got a pair of bright bays—and the sign of the leg.

CCLXXVII.

A SENSIBLE man will sometimes, from a kind of habitual fondness, preserve some old room in

his house when he is new building it, and so destroy all the symmetry and convenience of his edifice: in the same manner also will a sensible man sometimes cleave to some old opinion in his disquisitions into nature and truth, and thus entirely destroy the connection and uniformity of his knowledge.

CCLXXVIII.

I KNOW no virtue, the want of which may, with respect to almost all its advantages, be so well supplied by a vice, as generosity; vanity almost alone will sometimes perform its functions.

CCLXXIX.

ARE there not instances, alas! wherein even the well disposed mind that is unhurt at false thinking, will, from the same principle, be unhurt at false acting?

CCLXXX.

THERE are virtues which if they happen to be ever so little overcharged with alloy, if I may so express myself, or, to use another figure, if they have that defect which in a picture might perhaps be only called a loose but masterly manner, can produce nothing to the possessor but endless inconveniency: thus it is ordained, that the poor insect which flies to the light, shall fly to the fire also.

CCLXXXI.

CCLXXXI.

SOME men methinks relish things the more from not understanding them *.

CCLXXXII.

PEOPLE do not only enjoy content, and the charms of self-approbation from *acting well*, but, different case! from *thinking* they act well.

ONE of the greatest philosophers I know in the world is, HERMION: ask him the news, what such a great person is doing, who is going out of place, who is coming in, he knows nothing of the matter—"I never meddle with other people's *business*," says HERMION; "I endeavour to play my own part in the world, that's all I aim at"—a very stoic about other people's business! As to his own indeed, stoicism gives way a little to the care of externals. The accumulation of money is his solace, his joy, his—*ne plus ultra*; indifferent to all other things, all his faculties are exerted on this, and with only reversing one word in the sentence he could cry out, *virtute mea me involvo*. HERMION has found out the true meaning of the precept, "increase and multiply;" and as fast as his guineas roll in, he takes all due care they shall not roll out: and thus his life wears away

* In music and painting this is remarkable; for a very nice and skilful ear and eye will relish but little, what others will relish much.

in a complacent innocent tranquillity ; no restless ambition ; no loose pleasures ; no weak attachments—*he never meddles with other people's business !* and unless you could convince him that the stocks were broke, or his land sunk by an earthquake, you would in vain attempt to disturb his philosophy. Your Horaces may talk of their *justums* and *tenacems*, HERMION prefers the secret consoling snugness of possession ; the interior satisfaction, the philosophic ease resulting from the consciousness of possessed gold : and let what will happen to the surrounding world, secure him but gold, of him too shall you exclaim, *impavidum ferient ruinae !*

CCLXXXIII.

THOSE men who are commended by every body, must be very extraordinary men ; or, which is more probable, very inconsiderable men.

CCLXXXIV.

COURAGE often decides sensibly where reason will not, nay, where she cannot.

CCLXXXV.

MANY men that have not sense, might have sense if they would : to explain the paradox—how numerous are the obstacles from pride and frowardness to reason ! and what is reason but truth and sense ?

CCLXXXVI.

CCLXXXVI.

GREAT minds are seldom voluptuous, but great and agreeable minds are almost always so. How much more agreeable was Henry the fourth of France, than his minister the Duke du Sully?

CCLXXXVII.

Is it then true that man is so unhappy a creature as so many wise men have told us he is? I believe, indeed, that the causes of happiness are often error and forgetfulness; but of what moment is the nature of the cause, if you enjoy the effect?

ARISTARCHUS is charming: how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment! You get him with difficulty to your supper; and after having delighted every body and himself for a few hours, he is obliged to return home—he is finishing his treatise which proves, that unhappiness is the portion of man.

CCLXXXVIII.

THOUGH love is more endearing than friendship, yet lovers quarrel more than friends.

CCLXXXIX.

AT a concert of music, he who has no part to play, but is at liberty to attend to and contemplate all the others, is best off: in the concert of the world it is just contrary.

CCXC.

MAN does not seem to have been designed by
nature

nature for a great deal of reflection, it will damp the spirit of his action : man does seem designed for a certain degree of reflection, it will moderate the impetuosity of it.

CCXCI.

I HAVE often heard it said, that the understandings of men and women are naturally the same ; and that the difference which has been observed between them, arises wholly from the difference of education. But I am of opinion, that there is a difference between the minds of the two sexes similar to that between their bodies ; and, therefore, that the understanding of men is more adapted to those things that require strength, and that of women to those things that require minute elegance, refinement, and delicacy. Men often comprehend the various parts of very complicated subjects, perceive the congruity or incongruity of accordant or discordant things, and clearly and naturally deduce consequence from consequence in a regular series. Women seem incapable of keeping so many things in view at once ; and, therefore, admit contradictions, without seeing their inconsistency : they will suppose effects without enquiring after causes, and will therefore sometimes suppose an effect of which the cause could not subsist. But though the capacity of women is less extensive, yet their perception seems to be quicker and more acute, so as to discern *immediately* certain objects of a refined and delicate nature which
men

men see *slowly*, or perhaps not at all. Women as they perceive with more quickness, so they judge with more precision of certain simple and unconnected objects; and if I might be allowed so whimsical an expression, I would say, that if men judged best of things that lay round the outside of a circle, women judged best of those that were comprehended within it. Men know best the arts of policy and war, and abstruse sciences which extend to a large sphere, and include innumerable complicated particulars; women excel in whatever relates to the elegancies and endearments of domestic and social life. The natural province of women, therefore, is that in which they were formed by nature to excel; so that true taste is offended when they intrude upon the other, and if they happen to excel in that other, which is very rare, they rather disgust than please; if they compel admiration, they never excite love, and are rather gazed at as prodigies, than honoured or esteemed as surpassing others in *natural* excellence. Even the virtues of the two sexes seem to differ in a manner similar to their understandings and their form: that courage, for instance, which cannot be exerted without bodily strength, is the virtue of a man; the courage that consists in bearing distress with equanimity, and suffering pain without complaint, is the virtue of a woman; and in woman, this only is amiable, because this only is natural. From the same cause women are most

most in danger of indulging romantic notions of refinement and delicacy; whilst men are, on the contrary, most in danger of reasoning themselves into a degree of insensibility and indifference. But to particularize every difference between the masculine and feminine mind, would be endless: and to do it perfectly, is, perhaps, impossible, either by man or woman; because it requires both the strength of one, and the delicacy of the other.

CCXCII.

“TRUTH will prevail.” It may be true; but some people, I believe, think her a very slow worker; and little will the satisfaction of her prevailing be to you, if you happen to be ruined in your reputation or fortune while she is at work.

CCXCIII.

You prove your generosity much *less at the time* you give, than *after it*; nay rather, it is after the gift only that you *prove* it at all; for certainly, when Tibullus told Crato, he ought to remember that horse he gave him, he at the same time told him that it was not from generosity that he gave him the horse.

CCXCIV.

It is the great men, the wise men, the good men if you will, who corrupt mankind: for one that has been instructed by their sense, millions have been seduced by their prejudice.

CCXCV.

THERE are things so very natural and common,
that

that every one sees them; there are things so very natural and common, that no one sees them.

CCXCVI.

You deny that man is really so prejudiced as I suppose him; talk to him then of some foreign country, ask him what religion he is of.

CCXCVII.

MIGHT not most men be as well named boys grown old?*

CCXCVIII.

WHAT ideas are attached to these venerable old trees, that reverend ivy-mantled wall! what inexpressible delight I feel, when I inhabit those mansions of my youth!——The old turrets are destroyed; the trees submitted to the stroke of the axe. Good God! is the delight then of my very soul, the enjoyment of a rational being, connected with those stones, those sticks!

CCXCIX.

THE neglecting to put yourself above those that ought to be inferior to you, will often be as disgusting to those very people, as the not putting yourself under those who ought to be superior to you, will be disgusting to them.

* By boys grown old, is meant men in whom all the follies and absurdities which were imputed to them as boys, are not removed but confirmed. The author considers this, and the three preceeding articles, as having some kind of connection with each other.

CCC.

IF you get a title and 10,000*l.* per annum, you will outshine every body, and every thing; but remember, FLAVIO, that the very jewels which decorate beauty, make deformity ridiculous.

CCCI.

WE are often surprized when *experience* demonstrates what our own *reason* had before acknowledged to be true.

BLESS me, said BROMIO to AGENER, at what a rate your set of horses travel! why we are come seventy miles in eleven hours. Well, replied AGENER, and why are you so surprized; did I not come to you last month this very distance in this very time? you may remember I shewed you my watch the moment I came in; and yet you are just as much surprized at this expedition, as if you had not believed the other. I know not said BROMIO, but when one travels the very road one's self, one feels the truth of it methinks more forcibly.

CCCII.

OF all kinds of generosity, that of giving, though perhaps the most showy, is surely the most likely to be counterfeit, and is therefore the most common.

CCCIII.

TASTE and *generosity*—what words! do they not, in their most extensive meaning, comprehend almost

almost every power of the human heart and understanding.

CCCV.

No wonder we judge of the sensations of other men by our own, since we judge of our *future* sensations by our present ; although we know that we *have* felt differently from what we *do* feel with respect to almost every object, and might therefore reasonably infer that we *shall* do so.

CCCVI.

It is not from an acquiescence in what you advance, that you should conclude there is a practical belief of it : while the *principle* of any error remains in the mind, like that of any humour in the body, you may, by particular application, stop the progress of it at particular places ; but then it will indubitably break out again at others, perhaps at the same.*

CCCVII.

MAN seems to be made neither to live alone nor with others.

CCCVIII.

You will, I believe, in general ingratiate your-

* Tell a man who is addicted to procrastination, that " what can be done to day, should never be deferred till to morrow," and he will heartily assent to the truth of the proposition ; but the same indolence of temper that before produced procrastination, will produce it still : the principle, the root of his error, remains, and it will shoot into practice.

self with others, still less by paying them *too much* court than *too little*.

CCCIX.

It is perhaps true, that women generally come into life with higher ideas of delicacy than men; but I believe it true also, that they generally retire from life with lower.

CCCX.

DISAGREEING in little things and agreeing in great ones, is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society and friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men breaks it.

CCCXI.

WE are sometimes really merry, when the heart is depressed by grief; but when the heart is elated with joy, we are never really sad.

CCCXII.

WHEN a man shews his parts properly, he is applauded for it, his confidence was well placed: it is the confidence without knowledge that offends; yet possibly it was by mere good fortune that they went together; if you ever *once* find him confident and ignorant, be assured of it.

CCCXIII.

A VERY small offence may be a just cause for great resentment; it is often much less the particular instance which is obnoxious to us, than the proof it carries with it of the general tenour and disposition of the mind from whence it sprung.

CCCXIV.

CCCXIV.

THOUGH love and hatred are as opposite as fire and water, yet do they sometimes subsist in the breast together towards the same person ; nay by their very opposition and desire to destroy each other, are they strengthened and increased.†

CCCXV.

WHAT a strange thing is a populace ! now madly crying for this thing, then for t'other, and never knowing why for any : we, who are not populace, are struck with indignation or contempt, or perhaps with pity, at this disgraceful folly of the human species. But is it so certain, that we, who are not populace, do not often do exactly the same thing, only that our cry is on higher subjects ? as a piece of music is still *the same*, though it be taken an octave or a key higher.

CCCXVI.

IT is not enough that you can form, nay and follow the most excellent rules for conducting yourself in the world ; you must also know when to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.

CCCXVII.

THE worst office you could do to some men, would be to cure them of what is ridiculous about them. An edifice is bad that has a bad support,

† If this is not felt, it cannot be understood ; and those that do not feel it, are left at liberty to suppose it false.

it is true; but what will it be if it has no support at all?

CCCXVIII.

IT is a melancholy consideration, that if either the mind or the body has any peculiar malady which cannot be eradicated, though it be sometimes suspended, that malady will be liable to be renewed by almost every other that may befall it.

CCCXIX.

THE common contrivances of cunning, put me in mind of the preservative instinct I have sometimes observed in beasts, which lays a plot that is extremely artful and well-concealed in many parts, but at the same time left so open in some one, that it is perfectly easy for superior intelligence to see and understand the whole complication of the contrivance.

CCCXX.

WHEN men, for whom we have a well-grounded contempt, at the same time condemn us, (no uncommon case!) it becomes humour and makes us laugh.

CCXXI.

OUR present evil is generally thought the worst of our evils, and all our own evils worse than other peoples.

CCCXXII.

IT is infinitely less from *what*, than from *how*
you

you conceive, that the superiority of your nature will be demonstrated.

CCCXXIII.

THERE are men in whom you would spoil all by reducing them to what *you call* regularity, they are born and designed to be otherwise; and while vulgar eyes look upon them, as they do on comets, as unnatural and monstrous, those of superior discernment only admire in both the uncommon yet true direction of nature.

CLITANDER seems to have said, or rather nature seems to have said to him, “ you shall not “ be old.” He is now three or four and forty, yet he looks like a young fellow, and acts like a *very* young fellow; nay, and what is still more extraordinary, acting like a very young fellow becomes him. Most men of four and thirty are much too old for him, he keeps company only with very young fellows—like himself. In one word, not to disguise his character by palliative terms, he is a *rake*—genteel, easy, soft, even modest with ladies, he is a reveller and a rake: late hours, free living, I confess, are his favourites; but—I know not how, they scarce disgrace him. Brave as Cæsar, he is yet as peaceable as Fribble; it is almost impossible to quarrel with him. He is always good humoured, and the chief almost the only thing he requires of you is to fit up with him. Every one blames CLITANDER aloud, and yet tacitly and involuntarily absolves him. Na-

ture is too strong for reason, and CLITANDER forces you (unless you are a very dull dog indeed) to smile even while you shake your head at his irregularities. Ay—there he is walking along on the other side of the way: you see his dress is the most careless in the world, and yet how elegantly genteel he is in it! as if he was elegantly genteel whether he would or no. What a pretty figure too!—its now two o'clock, and depend upon it, he is but just out of his bed—or the round-house. “Its a pity, however, he does not take to “another sort of life.” That is certain; and who knows, when he is a middle aged man of a hundred, perhaps he will? It is odd; yet this very life which you almost approve in CLITANDER, you despise in VALERIUS, who is near twenty years younger. What think you, if CLITANDER was to cut off his hair, wear a tie-wig, and go into the house of commons, would you be charmed with the decent dignity of his new character?—CLITANDER is a comet.

CCCXXIV.

I ADMIRE the very thing perhaps in one writer, which I disregard in another; for when I know that my author thinks deeply, my mind is constantly exerted to comprehend every sentiment in its whole extent, with all its connections and consequences: I then see that it is full, it is just, it is important, and I not only apprehend but feel what he tells me. But when I know that my
author

author sees only the superficies of things, and satisfies himself with it, I look for nothing that does not float on the surface of his expressions; I read with the same inertness that I impute to the writer, and what I do not expect I do not find though by chance it may be there.

CCCXXV.

I HAVE often heard it said, yet never believed it, such a one writes sensible or witty letters, but has neither wit or sense. Does he who says this, consider how many things may have led him to mistake in his account? Is he sure, that he has not thought a letter sensible or witty, which was neither? or, if he has not made that mistake, is he sure, that the conversation in which he did not remark wit or sense, was really without sense or wit? or is he sure, that his own *real* deficiency may not have been the cause of an *apparent* one in his friend, by giving his abilities no opportunity to come into play? has he, in short, considered, that every effect must have its cause; and that nothing is more evidently true, than that *ex nihilo nihil fit*?

CCCXXVI.

It often happens that there is an infallible remedy for a disorder of the body, but that some other disorder makes the application of it impossible. Is not this equally the case with many disorders of the mind?

CCCXXVII.

THE only way of acquiring the knowledge of truth, is to discourage the first intrusion of every deceit; what knowledge then will men acquire by whom every one is encouraged?—but I mistake, for every man will tell me he never encourages any.

CCCXXVIII.

THE mind has often a strong appetite and a weak digestion, as well as the body; so that science degenerates into error, as food into morbid qualities.

CCCXXIX.

WHATEVER natural right men may have to freedom and independency, it is manifest that some men have a *natural* ascendancy over others.

CCCXXX.

WHEN we are strongly prepossessed that a character has some particular cast or quality, the very reasons which naturally tend to destroy that opinion will often serve to confirm it.

CCCXXXI.

THE language of GELON is--“It is--You must
“ —I know,” and no man knows *less* than GELON: the language of LÆLIUS is--“It seems—
“ You may—I believe,” and no man knows *more* than LÆLIUS.

CCCXXXII.

NOTHING so different as envy and contempt; and yet nothing so common as to endeavour to persuade

persuade others, nay nothing so common as really to persuade ourselves, that we despise those whom we envy.

“ O TEMPORA ! O *mores* ! O ! the profligacy, “ the luxury, the venality of this age ! ”—cried the unvenal MISANTHES, who sold out declamations on virtue, honour, and patriotism, for bread and cheese ; and he wrote, and wrote, and wrote, till he had persuaded himself that all the rants of his abusive and injurious pen were precepts of equal authority with those of the twelve tables : he dealt about him, he thundered like a little God of this nether world, and all in the cause of greatness of soul. Nay, I would not swear that there were not certain moments of enthusiastic rapture, when he really mistook the elevated situation of his garret, for a station superior to that of the vile nobility whom he so particularly honoured with his distinctions. Then there was a certain house, a certain rendezvous near the palace, which even raised his humorous contempt. O ! the wretches that haunt it are one and all infamous scoundrels, thinks MISANTHES ; and gives them a sneer, a something of a witty stroke of contempt. It happened that a certain very profligate frequenter of that certain house, a great man, had some business with MISANTHES, and appointed him to attend on the morrow at his *hotel*. At the very moment of appointment, he appeared at the noble’s study door—and behold

MISAN-

MISANTHES! Have you ever seen a dog walk about a room on his hinder legs, keeping with difficulty from crawling on all four, and still bending forward all the way he went? as like as two peas—I mean the patriot and the dog. If the noble spoke, the answer was ready long before the question was asked,—and the sweetest humility! Did you ever hear a certain loose, but humorous French song, in which a capuchin fryar is supposed to die, and travel to not the most desirable of the two other worlds, where as soon as he arrives, he is accosted by the black monarch, with—*Capucin?—Plait il*, in great humility says the capuchin, *plait il Monseigneur?*

CCCXXXIII.

ASK the good driver, of what consequence it will be for you to hit the quarter when your carriage is heavy, and the ruts are deep, at the *very instant* of changing; he will tell you, that if you do not then hit the quarter; you may drag on with difficulty for miles together: and it may be just as material for you to seize *one* opportunity of serving yourself in the world, the neglecting of which may leave you to drudge on in difficulties and distress for years afterwards.

CCCXXXIV.

MODESTY, non-pretension, and delicacy of behaviour, when joined to the accidental dignity of riches and elevated station, will certainly suc-

ceed and be admired; but when joined only to intrinsic dignity, without those accidental advantages, they will serve, perhaps, only to hide that dignity in an obscure station. The very qualities then which make you admired at the top of the world, might have served also, however you deserve to be there, to have kept you from the top of the world.

CCCXXXV.

ONE is sometimes tempted to think that there is a kind of compensation of advantage even between knowledge and ignorance: how often is knowledge disappointed of its most rational expectations, and ignorance gratified in those that are irrational and extravagant?

CCCXXXVI.

WE often act as if we fancied that persuasion would be in proportion to vehemence; yet do we not observe, that the player who over-acts, affects us still less than he that under-acts?

CCCXXXVII.

IF a particular branch of a tree grows out so luxuriantly as to rob the other parts of their nourishment, we call it a deformity in the tree; and we do the same when the like accident happens to the human body: ought we not also, in the same case, to hold the same opinion of the mind, notwithstanding the contrary has generally prevailed?

CCCXXXVIII.

IT is so much in the nature of men to over-reach

reach and deceive one another, that their very sports and plays are founded on that principle.

CCCXXXIX.

ARE there any yet remaining among us, who want to give a despotic power to kings ? tell them, ye servants, dependants and children, what use is made of power by your masters, your patrons and parents ; and let your servants, dependants and children tell what use is made of it by you !

CCCXL.

WE live in a land of liberty, it is true ; but what a melancholy reflection is it that so many individuals, even in this land of liberty, must *necessarily* depend for their present and future subsistence, for every thing that is or ought to be dear to them, upon men who are weak selfish and in every respect inferior to themselves, who have it in their power by the laws of the land to say—*Stat pro ratione voluntas.*

CCCXLI.

WE never play so well at any game of address, as when we are not at all anxious to play well ; nay, as when we don't know that we play well : is not this as true in the game of life ?

CCCXLII.

IT would be doing cunning too much honour, to call it an inferior species of true discernment. Every good quality seems to be mimicked by some mock quality that is bad : cunning then is a
mock

mock discernment. As we read of a certain wild beast who has another ready to assist him in his robberies, so is one bad quality of the mind often assisted by another, and cunning is the Jackall of perfidy; when cunning appears therefore, we should always suspect its companion to be near.

CCCXLIII.

I HAVE often heard people wish to see such or such famous persons who are dead, as particular rarities in human nature, which had produced no other like them: but what if they see such continually? and it is *the occasion* only, which brought the character into play, that they should wish to see?

CCCXLIV.

IT is infinitely less the thing which makes you applaud the man that says it, than it is the man who makes you applaud the thing that is said. This you say is obvious; granted: but I speak of the *degree*, and *to you* who think it *obvious*.

CCCXLV.

HE may be called a *good* musician who is capable of following a certain key properly and well, and possibly going from it into others which plainly and naturally offer themselves in their connection with it. But he only can be called a *great* musician, who is capable of seeing the connection of keys which do not plainly offer themselves, and yet exist in nature, and have an effect on the hearer,

hearer, delicate and refined in proportion to the nicety of that connection. Is not this observation exactly applicable to every other operation of the understanding ?

CCCXLVI.

WERE I to compose a triumvirate of great and similar geniuses, I would put together three men whom you may possibly think utterly unlike each other ; I mean SWIFT the man of fun, president MONTESQUIEU the philosopher, and SCARLATTI the musician. What discoveries did they make of distant connections and beauties, till then unknown, each in the different course of nature he pursued, and therefore how similar and how great is the triumvirate ! *

CCCXLVII.

WHAT is the foundation of our opinion ? numberless things ; sometimes reason.

CCCXLVIII.

THERE is methinks a *sense* as well as a *man* of fashion. †

CCCXLIX.

* THIS triumvirate is selected upon the principles of the preceeding article, and has therefore a natural connection with it : it is not however, pretended, that a skill in the combination of mere sound with sound, puts SCARLATTI upon a level with MONTESQUIEU and SWIFT, but only that his excellence was of the same kind with theirs, tho' in a lower place.

† The *sense* here meant is what the French call *le bel esprit* : the meaning is, not that there is a *sense* peculiar to the

CCCXLIX.

I HARDLY know any thing so ridiculous as the assumed caution of a fool who has found himself deceived by you, or so sure of defeating its own end.

CCCL.

DEMONSTRATION is by no means a match for selfishness ; and often have I envied the person, whose selfishness has withstood the force of demonstration : how happy sometimes is such blindness, or, if you will, such meanness ! and how fallible therefore is the maxim, “ virtue is its own reward.”

CCCLI.

WE are generally willing to give up a particular opinion in proportion as the majority of our opinions are good, and unwilling in proportion as they are bad ; it seems as if this ordination reversed would have been happier.

CCCLII.

THE jockey will discourse by the hour on horses from generation to generation, the hunter on chaces with all their appertenances, the farmer on grain and tillage, the politician on politics, and so on, it is natural : but there is one sort of man

the man of fashion ; but that, distinct from station and fortune, there is a sense, which is to common sense what a man of fashion is supposed to be to common men ; it has a taste, an elegance, a splendor, a manner that is not to be described or acquired.

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that will talk, nay with pleasure, on the very contrary of what he does every day, and all day long; I mean the ungenerous and unreasonable man.

CCCLIII.

BEING *common-place*, is perhaps generally less a proof of a thing's being too obvious and trivial, than of its being striking and important; for how striking must that observation be which every body makes? and at the same time how necessary is it still to inculcate the lesson contained in it, which has never yet been carried into practice?

CCCLIV.

THERE is a kind of vanity and affectation, than which I know nothing more disgusting to others, or comfortable to ourselves.

CCCLV.

I HARDLY know a sight that raises ones indignation more, than that of an enlarged soul joined to a contracted fortune; unless it be that so much more common one, of a contracted soul joined to an enlarged fortune.

CCCLVI.

WE ought to confess our faults; true: but to whom? to generosity. How often then should we confess our faults?

CCCLVII.

A MAN should not be judge in his own cause, he will feel too much in his own favour: but in what cause then should a man be judge? in favour of another he will feel too little.

CCCLVIII.

CCCLVIII.

SAYS PHILINTUS, "What can be the meaning of it? 'tis certainly so—the world is not fond of me; and yet God knows I do all I can to please every body; I study the humour of every body, and endeavour to indulge it; I omit no opportunity of doing pleasure or service, and yet, I see it plainly, the world does not like me—its very ungrateful though after all—D——n the world!—rot me if ever I bestow another moment's attention or thought upon it!" Thus PHILINTUS resolved: from that moment every body was delighted with him.

CCCLIX.

THE head and heart corrupt, or improve each other.

HELLUO has a heart rather cold, and a head tolerably sensible; NARCISSUS has a heart rather warm, and a head intolerably foolish. HELLUO's understanding directs him to do that which others think right; he sees how proper it is to do so, nay, how much it is for his own credit and interest; and however his selfishness may prompt him to sacrifice others to himself, yet he has too much good sense to do it, when the wrong would be too gross either to be concealed or palliated: in such cases, therefore, he is governed by reason, and, in spite of inclination, he does as he ought to do. But as HELLUO does right only

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from policy, NARCISSUS does right merely from instinct: NARCISSUS is not without a certain warmth and fellow feeling for others, and therefore his wishes and inclinations towards them are almost always favourable, except when their interest immediately and manifestly clashes with his own: he never yet did any thing because he ought to do it, nor is he able to judge what ought to be done, and therefore whenever his heart wants warmth to prompt him to do right, his understanding never hinders his doing wrong; hence he will sometimes do wrong when in mere policy he should do right, at other times he may do right when a better man on the whole would do wrong. Nothing then is so different as the heads and hearts of HELLUO and NARCISSUS: but there is, it seems, a certain degree of kindness without sense, and a certain degree of sense without kindness, which with respect to the merit of the actions they produce, will weigh to a grain alike, in the scales of reason and justice.

CCCLX.

THE impertinent and the captious are, perhaps, more offensive at the time they are not impertinent or captious, than when they are. Had you not rather that Damocles's sword should even fall upon your head, than sit under it in continual fear of its falling?

CCCLXI.

How different are DELICACY and CAPTIOUSNESS! and yet how often are they confounded by ourselves and others! He who is offended at the omission of what he had no right to expect, and he who feels the minutest neglect of what he ought to receive, will certainly consider their sensations as the effect of the same principle; yet it is manifest, that the two principles which really produce them differ in the same degree as right and wrong: but they who *offend*, will perhaps as often confound captiousness and delicacy as they that *are offended*; for as they always suppose their own conduct to be right, it will necessarily follow that they will impute to the delicate man, who justly resents it as *wrong*, the touchiness of the captious man who condemns it *without reason*. Thus then will these two things be continually called the same: yet see how different they are in their natures! DELICACY, which by an exquisite sense feels that a certain refinement is *due* to itself from others, is not only urged by that very sense to *bestow* it more freely upon them, but is also guarded against *requiring* more than is its due: CAPTIOUSNESS, which on the contrary does *require* a concession from others of more than is its *due*, is by that very principle prompted to *give* them less than is theirs. DELICACY never is deceived by mere appearances of offence; nay, it allows for the ignorance, deficiency, and

mistakes of other mens minds : CAPTIOUSNESS resents improprieties which are perhaps altogether ideal, and which, supposing them to exist, are measured not by reason but pride. DELICACY finds its resource in itself for real injuries, CAPTIOUSNESS is wounded by imaginary ones : DELICACY is sensible and exalted, CAPTIOUSNESS foolish and mean.

CCCLXII.

THE most selfish thing I know in the world is generosity : but what a selfishness !

CCCLXIII.

THERE are things belonging to us which are called misfortunes, whose bad effect falls chiefly on other people ; and things which are called faults, whose bad effect falls chiefly on ourselves : a stinking breath, for instance, is other people's punishment, and ill-humour our own.

CCCLXIV.

THINGS have so many different aspects, not to mention the different dispositions of the same mind, that the most reasonable man must be liable to contradict himself.

CCCLXV.

THEY who quarrel often, must have *L'esprit faux* as well as *L'esprit chagrin*.

CCCLXVI.

WE have seen an actor often perform the character of a villain ; we have also seen a great man

man or woman at the top of the world crowded by attendants and servants, and another at the bottom of the world, poor, oppressed, and disregarded; we do not fail, after this prepossession, to pronounce, that the first looks like a rogue, the second very noble, and the third very mean.

CCCLXVII.

THE pleasure of an action is not always in proportion to the advantage gained by it.

CCCLXVIII.

IMPERTINENCE is, I confess it, a *good* method for the great to keep up their consideration and respect in the world, but not *the best*.

CCCLXIX.

IT's a hard task for a man to say *I don't know*; it hurts his pride: but should not the *pretending he does*, hurt it much more?

CCCLXX.

As there is a *no* which the man of gallantry perfectly understands to mean *yes*, so is there a *yes* which the man of delicacy perfectly understands to mean *no*. In the first instance, if you have any discernment, you will discover that while the lips refuse, the heart concedes, and you will therefore be little mortified by the refusal: in the last instance, if you have any feeling you will discern, that while the lips grant, the heart denies, and you will be as little flattered by the concession.

CCCLXXI.

THE last time of seeing a man agreeable or disagreeable, who is equally one or the other, almost entirely fixes our opinion of his character.

CCCLXXII.

MANY a man would be less clever, infinitely less agreeable, for learning to reason.

CCCLXXIII.

WE often judge from our feeling—when we should feel, or at least form our opinion, from our judgment.

CCCLXXIV.

WHAT a strange thing is this French opera! does it not excite laughter rather than any other emotion? what strange breaks! what unexpected gusts of sound! how inexpressive of that tenderness to which music is so peculiarly adapted! and yet this is *Chassé*, the singer whose expression is so much admired: but a love-scene is coming on, and there is the divine *Gelliant*; listen, I beseech you, to that tender part which you see by your book he is going to perform: still worse and worse, you say; and in short I find that this tender, this best part of all, offends you more than any other; this singing disgusts you in proportion as it delights them, for their notion of perfection being directly opposite to yours, the nearer they approach it in their opinion, the farther you think they are from

from it. But will you declare at Paris that *Gelliant* displeases you? be persuaded, leave them to their transports, and pass not for a Hottentot. But after all, you say, that this singing is detestable: I ask why? you answer again that it displeases you. That it displeases you I will readily allow, but that you therefore justly condemn it, I may possibly doubt; and let me ask you in my turn whether you have sufficiently considered, what is absolutely, and what is only relatively good or bad. There is in nature no criterion by which questions of taste can be determined: when we say that the expression of such or such singing is tender, we use a relative term, and that expression which excites tender sensations is tender with respect to those in whom the sensation is excited, though with respect to another in whom it produces no such sensation, it is not tender. I say *alom* is an acid, and I prove it by shewing that it turns syrup of violets red; but if I say *alom* is four, how must I prove that? I bid you taste it, you say it is sweet; what am I to do then? there is nothing to which I can appeal but the taste of others, the testimony of which you will never admit against your own. The debate between us, therefore, could have no end; and in the same endless debate was all Paris lately engaged, when one party was contending for the Italian, and another for the French music: neither of them considered that nature

had not ordained the same sounds to raise the same sensations in all minds, and therefore that different nations must have chosen different tones, both in speaking and singing, to excite the same passions, and express the same meaning; and this indeed is the fact. Let it, however, be observed, that I speak only of the expression, taste, and manner, not of the composition, for they must not be confounded. An interrogation, for instance, is expressed by one tone in Italy, by another in France, and by a third, equally different, in England; so that the truest manner of asking a question on the English stage would be the most absurd on the French, and *vice versa*. It is just the same in music; for we find that songs, which a lover of the Italian manner thinks the most tender, striking, and expressive, and those which almost alone constitute what can be called music, are the very songs at which a lover of the French manner is most displeased: and the reason is plain; the expression is stronger, consequently more touching to the person who has adopted it, and proportionably more grating to them who have adopted another that is widely different. I know indeed how little I shall be credited when I say, that both these modes of expression are equally right, because most men precipitately judge for others from their own *feeling*, and in this case determine that the sounds which raise certain sensations in them, *ought* to raise

raise the same sensations in others. The French disputants went farther; they both determined that their own music had most expression in *itself*, because it had most expression *to them*, but one party contended for the gaiety of the Italian; so that probably those who had the least natural taste for music, defended Italian music, while it was opposed by those who had most. Thus prejudice and precipitancy produce error, and thus error overwhelms truth.

CCCLXXV.

THERE are qualities which are quite unobserved in one situation, by the very people who would admire them in another, where certain advantageous circumstances serve as glasses to assist their sight.

CCCLXXVI.

THERE are men who will be fair and impartial about themselves, when they are reflecting calmly by themselves; but the misfortune is, that it is not *then* their impartiality is wanted.

CCCLXXVII.

SOME women destroy all your sensibility towards them by their coldness, others by their heat.

CCCLXXVIII.

A FOOL often gets the better of a man of sense, merely by his being despised and disregarded; as the Dutch, while they took proper care to secure
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the considerable parts of their bulwarks against the sea, had like to have been destroyed by the worms they overlooked.

CCCLXXIX.

NOTHING is a stronger proof of the prejudice of education, than that men, who are born in despotic governments, will stretch their imaginations to devise arguments against those that are free, since in that instance prejudice is stronger even than self-interest.

CCCLXXX.

IT is an unhappy, and yet I fear a true reflection, that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper, have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul.

CCCLXXXI.

WE often do services from meanness, and accept them from generosity *.

CCCLXXXII.

A SOFT temper much oftener proceeds from an insensibility of meanness, than a fierce temper does from an abhorrence of it.

CCCLXXXIII.

No wonder we love disguised flattery, when we love it even when it is known.

* He that confers a favour to acquire superiority, acts from meanness; he that accepts a favour which gives another a superiority that he may abuse, often acts from generosity; because if he has a noble and delicate mind, he knows that he risks the loss of more than he can gain.

CCCLXXXIV.

CCCLXXXIV.

MISFORTUNES, and the natural consequence of them, ill-usage, may convert a *good* temper into a *bad* one ; but why does prosperity and good-usage turn a *bad* temper into a *worse*?

CCCLXXXV.

It is in numberless instances happier to have a false opinion which we believe true, than a true one of which we doubt.

CCCLXXXVI.

MOST men have more courage than even they themselves think they have.

CCCLXXXVII.

THE heaviness of grief is rarely distinguished from that of stupidity.

CCCLXXXVIII.

WE should do by our cunning as we do by our courage, always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others*.

CCCLXXXIX.

THERE is a study for which I would give up the whole study of the schools ; and let me add that it is the easiest, the most useful, as well as the most neglected study in the world—connection †.

CCCXC.

* Cunning should never act offensively ; and for this reason it is said, in another place, that when cunning appears, we should always suspect perfidy to be near.

† By the word *connection*, is meant the natural relation
and

CCCXC.

No wonder that men are satisfied with *one* false, or at best dubious light of a thing, since they are so often with *two* that are contradictory.

CCCXCI.

WHAT man so mean as to suffer himself to be called liar ! yet where is truth ?

CCCXCII.

I HAVE almost always observed people's *professions*, nay, sometimes I could almost think even their *sense* of generosity has been strong, in proportion as their own generosity has been weak: this puts me in mind of the grove called *Lucus a non lucendo*. But what does it proceed from ? a consciousness of defect which it is intended to hide ? or an excess of self-love, which exaggerates the virtue in proportion as it finds more force necessary to practise it ? As to me I should think that both are generally concurrent causes of the contradiction.

CCCXCIII.

OUR admiration is generally rather in proportion to our present ignorance of what we admire, than the difficulty of knowing it.

CCCXCIV.

ARE not some of the wonderful acts of policy and dependance of one thing on another, by the knowledge of which those things which do not fall within our actual and immediate notice, may be judged from those that do.

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in government, which we admire as the pinnacle of human sagacity, to some common acts, what the casting up a sum in pounds is to the casting up one in shillings?

CCCXCV.

WHAT is profusion, and therefore odious—what is ostentation, and therefore despicable—in one man, is sometimes a noble liberality and a becoming dignity in another. I have said we should *feel* from our *judgment*; let me then offer my exception and say, we should *judge* from our *feeling*.

CCCXCVI.

No fruit has a more precise marked period of maturity, than love; if neglected to be gathered at that time, it will certainly fall to the ground and die away.

CCCXCVII.

THE greatest slave in a kingdom is generally the king of it.

CCCXCVIII.

LOVE will sacrifice more to others than friendship, but then it exacts more from them.

CCCXCIX.

COURAGE, it must be confessed, sometimes seems to coincide but ill with reason, but then it is from being superior to it.

CCCC.

If ever obstinacy and wrongheadedness assume,

sume, nay, *acquire*, the honourable titles of resolution and steadiness, surely it is in the spirit of party.

MINUCIUS is an ancient gentleman, who declares aloud for the honest plain dealing of our fore-fathers, and against all the new-fangled inventions of their children ; he has never conformed to any alteration, he has not even changed the make of his clothes these thirty years, and has therefore been often forced in and out of the fashion by old time, as the same mode has been renewed, abolished, and renewed again : a Smart was lately surprized to see old MINUCIUS in short *jemmy* ruffles as soon as himself ; and but a few years ago these same short ruffles were laughed at, as a mark of the old Don's singularity. On a Sunday MINUCIUS goes constantly to church, but he seems to think it equally his duty to have beef and pudding for his Sunday's dinner ; this, in his opinion, is a very considerable part of orthodox christianity : besides, he talks of beef as the foundation not only of the vigour, but even of the virtues of his countrymen, and he thinks there is no beef but in England. As to politics, he calls himself a tory, as his father did ; not a jacobite, but a tory ; for his father did not call himself a jacobite : the critical difference he must give you himself ; all I know is, that he never gave a vote with any ministry upon any occasion, or ever will. There is a village within two or three

three miles of his feat which no man, except a certain judge, has driven through of time immemorial, for the road is impassable : it happened that some courtier proposed a turnpike to mend it, and MINUCIUS, with the heroic virtue of a Roman patriot, has promoted such an opposition to the project as would charm you. No man so steady as MINUCIUS : he is, indeed, one of the honestest men in England, and he shews it, you see, the right way, not in private but in public life. He is, in short, a man to be relied upon ; the very mirror of constancy : his gardens are still full of green peacocks, green pyramids, green minced pyes, and green statues. He still adheres to old Christmas-day, notwithstanding ministerial innovations ; and dates his letters since the new stile was adopted here, just as he did before. He lights his fires on Michaelmas day, and would not for the Indies light them before : nay, I question, if we could suppose nature, in a waggish mood, should make winter and summer change places, whether honest MINUCIUS would not shudder at his window from May to September, and swelter by his fire from September to May. O ! he is a most steady man ! I was lately at the county meeting, and being asked for my bumper-toast ; Sir, said I, if you please, I'll give you *honest* Mr. MINUCIUS.

CCCCI.

MAY not the reports circulated in the world,
be

be compared to the different casts of an intaglio or bust, which are taken one under another, and grow weak in proportion to their distance from the originals? May not also the smatterers in politics and news, who tell you with an air of profound penetration and great importance, the imperfect stories which they have imperfectly learned from paltry retailers, be compared to the smatterers in taste, who admire the dead spiritless produce of the shadowy mould, and value themselves upon it?

CCCCII.

OF how little value is the faculty of demonstrating a falsity in the reasoning or acting of another, compared to the power of hearing false reasoning, and seeing false acting, without pain!

CCCCIII.

WHEN we accuse men of loving scandal, let us however consider, and allow for the disproportion of numbers, between the proper subjects of praise and blame.

CCCCIV.

IT by no means follows, that he who has more agreeable qualities than another, is therefore more agreeable; any more than that the painter who has the richest colours to work with, shall, therefore, make the best coloured picture.*

CCCCV.

* As the beauty of a painting depends upon the *use* made of the colours, more than the colours themselves; so qualities, wh ch

CCCCV.

WE often persuade ourselves that we dislike people we really like, and that we like people we really dislike.

CCCCVI.

THE old world and the new have been incessantly canvassing the question, "what makes man happy;" but I never heard that either disputed what meat would best gratify his palate: and yet it is as clear, that the same things will not make all men happy, as that the same meats will not please all palates.

CCCCVII.

PEOPLE are very apt to compare their present situation with the best that is past, or with a better of other people's; whereas quite the contrary would always be more politic, and generally more reasonable.

CCCCVIII.

IT is sometimes happy for selfish people, that you value yourself; they gain from that princi-

which in themselves are agreeable, depend for their principal effect upon the time and manner in which they are exerted: and as one painter may, with two colours, produce a finer piece, than another can with every possible tint that can be produced; so one man, with two agreeable qualities, may so manage them, as upon the whole to be more pleasing than another who has ten, without the same skill of shewing them to advantage.

N

ple

ple what they could not possibly obtain on their own accounts.

CCCCIX.

I HAVE read in books of travels of certain beasts of prey who are exceeding fleet, but cannot turn; and of other beasts who are not fleet, but have a facility of turning, by which they escape their pursuers: they put me in mind of two sorts of understandings.

CCCCX.

THERE are faults in others we are often indulgent to; I mean those which have a connection with our own.

CCCCXI.

HABIT is the cement of society, the comfort of life, and, alas! the root of error.

CCCCXII.

You say that you are going to do something which to your friends and the world appears wrong, but that you can easily produce arguments which will prove it to be right: take my advice then, do it first and prove it to be right afterwards; or rather do it without proving it to be right at all; and believe me, the world will be much sooner satisfied by your doing what you choose to do without producing any arguments in defence of it, possibly even without your having any, than by the plainest demonstration, that you ought to do what they have previously determined you should not do.

CCCCXIII.

CCCCXIII.

As our circumstances company or place change, and still more as time advances, we fancy all nature changes: thus children believe that objects on shore retire from them, when they are in a ship that is under full sail, and leaving the objects.

CCCCXIV.

To divest one's self of some prejudices, would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.

CCCCXV.

THE mind's eye is perhaps no better fitted for the full radiance of truth, than is the body's for that of the sun.

CCCCXVI.

WE should do by stories that are told us as by goods in a shop, make some abatement of course, however ignorant we may be of their true value.

CCCCXVII.

WIT catches of wit, as fire of fire.

CCCCXVIII.

THE mirth of fools inspires melancholy.

CCCCXIX.

WHAT is become of Argastes? "He is dead:" of Hermagoras? "Dead:" of Fulvius? "Dead:" of Corinna, Philon, Fulvia, Pithius, and all that set with whom I have passed so many pleasing hours? "They are all dead." Dead? all dead? all fallen round me? Good God! and am I then alive? how have I escaped in so general a mortality? what a number! all

walking, talking, enjoying—it was but yesterday—to day all gone, never to return! I too must follow them—alas! I *know* that I must follow them; but when?—I know not when—Soon? yes, I know to demonstration that it will be soon. And is not this inevitable, this near dissolution, shocking to my nature? nothing is so strong as my attachment to life, and must not then my abhorrence and dread of death by a *necessary* consequence be proportionably strong? Yes, certainly, says reason. Yet hear, and wonder—experience says, no: for who lives in this fear? who feels this consequential dread of necessary dissolution? No one. And why? because it was kindly ordained that in this instance we should be inconsistent; because nature has given us a happy insensibility where reason would not have been able to supply us with fortitude: for change the institution of nature, to which she has thus adapted our minds, ever so minutely, nay change it in favour of life, and the terrors of anticipated death will have all their force. For suppose you was to be told that you should certainly live thirty years, but that at the end of thirty years you should be beheaded, and suppose your age to be now sixty; would you accept the composition? or if you *knew* this to be your *fate*, would you be as easy as if you were left to the *chance* of nature? no certainly; death would be every moment anticipated with anxiety and terror:

ror : and yet if you have now lived sixty years, the odds are very great that you will not live thirty more ; it is, therefore, very great odds, that you gain several years of life by such a bargain : and if your chearful resignation in one case was the effect of reason, it follows that your resignation would be more chearful in the other. If it be objected, that though it is morally certain you will not live to be an hundred and fifty, yet it is physically possible that you may live to be three hundred, and that a secret hope of this possibility would determine your choice for the contingency ; I answer, that our choice would in no other case be determined by such an hope ; for suppose you was offered either one thousand pounds certain, or as many times fifty pounds as you should throw the same number successively with a pair of dice, you would not surely choose the contingency because there is a mere physical possibility that you may continue to throw the same number till you win two thousand : and yet the two cases are exactly parallel, if the term of life offered to be insured is put at more than an hundred. Yes, believe me, the removing some prejudices would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.

CCCCXX.

It is in love that we prove the first pleasure is melancholy,* and the first eloquence silent.

* Melancholy is here used as an adjective.

CCCCXXI.

THE opinions of men of great abilities are respectable *before* they have given their reasons for them, but *afterwards* they are upon a level with the opinions of other men; for they will *then* depend upon the reasons for support, not upon the authority of the character.

CCCCXXII.

THINGS that are advanced persuade less in general from their own force upon us, than from that which they appear to have had on the mind of him who relates them.

CCCCXXIII.

ALMOST every virtue leads to a vice; so that he who did not perceive where one began and the other ended, was, even at the time he was exercising what is called a virtue, properly speaking, only in the road to vice.

CCCCXXIV.

GOOD-HUMOUR shews itself even in ill-humour.

CCCCXXV.

PARMENIO's contracted taste is charmed with the piece of music when not a deviation from harmony offends his ear; with the high finished picture where each very hair is expressed; with the face where no one feature is out of proportion. PHILEMON's enlarged taste is charmed with the most unexpected note of a Scarlatti; with the single stroke of the pencil of a Carracci; with the grace
and

and expreffion of beauty wherever he finds it. The two taftes go on thus differing about all arts, all fciences, and all nature.

CCCCXXVI.

SOME men tempt me to fay—Ambition is the coxcomicalnefs of good fenfe and old age.

CCCCXXVII.

SOME characters are like fome bodies in chymiftry; very good perhaps in themfelves, yet fly off and refufe the leaft conjunction with each other.

CCCCXXVIII.

WE can, in general, be much lefs fure of the truth of a thing, than of the falfehood; becaufe though every part we have feen may agree, yet we cannot tell how many may be behind, and one failure of connection will be fufficient to falfify the whole.

CCCCXXIX.

THE *first* thing with men is the fide they take; the *second*, the arguments for it.

CCCCXXX.

MAN is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not alfo the only one that deferves to be laughed at?

CCCCXXXI.

ALAS, poor CRITO! “How gay, how fenfible, how witty!” Thus was he efteemed by every one, and happy were they who enjoyed his

company; he amused, he shone, he entertained, and yet never overwhelmed : often have I been delighted with his conversation ; and in short, he was universally esteemed a man of wit and sense. Strange and sudden transition ! last night was he pronounced a fool—his play was damned.

CCCCXXXII.

WHAT a paradox to the contracted mind ! often has a fault been the proof of virtue, and an error of sense.

CCCCXXXIII.

POPE says,

“ For forms of government let fools contest,

“ Whate’er is best administer’d is best.

but are all *equally calculated* to be well administered, or, if all were well administered, would all be *equally good* ?

CCCCXXXIV.

THOSE who play a part in conversation, are, in one particular, like those who play a part in a concert ; for though they *bear* the other parts, yet they *pay* very little *attention* to any but their own.

CCCCXXXV.

THEY that seldom take pleasure, seldom give pleasure.

CCCCXXXVI.

ONE thing seems to be true of pleasure which is true of nothing else ; the more you love it yourself, the more of it you afford to others.

CCCCXXXVII.

CCCCXXXVII.

THE world will be much less willing to excuse you for not keeping it at a proper distance from you, than for not keeping yourself at a proper distance from the world.

CCCCXXXVIII.

How many ridiculous scenes should we see in the world, if each pair of men that secretly laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other aloud !

CCCCXXXIX.

IN giving rules for mankind to follow, should it not be remembered that men are *particulars*?

CCCCXL.

IF we do not correct ourselves, we are sullied with faults ; if we do correct ourselves and remove our faults, we damp the fire and lessen the natural charm of our virtues. What is to be done?

CCCCXLI.

How much surprized would some conscientious people be, to have it proved to them how often they have told lies !

CCCCXLII.

MEN oftener lay traps for others in favour of themselves, unknowingly than knowingly.

CCCCXLIII.

WITH the truest theory, the practice will very often be defective : is that strange ? Without any theory at all, the practice will often be compleat : is not that stranger still ?

CCCCXLIV.

CCCCXLIV.

How seldom do we hear it said, such a man's scheme failed of the success he expected, but that he *deserved* to have succeeded; and yet how *often* is that the case? How often do we hear the circumstances which precede the miscarriage of an undertaking, canvassed and judged to be so many concurrent causes of it; and yet how *seldom* is that the case?

CCCCXLV.

DISCERNMENT is a power of the understanding in which few excel: is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth? for are not prejudice and partiality blind?

CCCCXLVI.

I HAVE heard players on the harpsichord say, that a very difficult passage would sometimes become extremely easy, merely from being shewn the best and most natural manner of fingering. Is not this rule applicable to many difficulties of the mind? Yes; but there we have no master.

CCCCXLVII.

WE invert the nature of man, and suppose that his opinion results from his reasoning, instead of supposing that his reasoning results from his opinion: source of error! and if we could avoid it, how much imposition should we avoid with it!

CCCCXLVIII.

It is unlucky for all parties when avarice makes
a pain-

a painful effort to be generous, which only serves to prove her want of generosity.

CCCCXLIX.

POETIC licence is an allowed deviation from certain general rules of writing; there are also allowed deviations from certain general rules of life: but in both cases, it is to the superior genius only that this allowance is made.

CCCCL.

It is a paradox, yet a truth—all men *cannot be reasonable*; I had almost said, all men *cannot will to be reasonable*: and often when we accuse them of acting quite contrary to reason, we should consider, perhaps pity, the imperfect eyes of their minds, which see falsely; for

“ what can we reason but from what we know ? ”

CCCCLI.

WHEN we are very young, we have scarce an idea of becoming old; when we are old, we have scarce a remembrance of having been young.

CCCCLII.

I HAVE about as much faith in the politician as physician; and, I confess it, not a great deal in either: what a complication of causes and effects mutually clashing with each other, which they cannot regulate! what windings and turnings in nature, which they cannot trace! I speak of the best; what then shall be said of the others?

CCCCLIII.

I KNOW not whether the trueſt and beſt ſtate of nature be not a ſtate of more prejudice and ignorance than we are aware of.

CCCCLIV.

THERE *are* men whom we call *penetrating*; and yet, if we mean to be exact, would not, even there, the true word be, *ingenious*?

CCCCLV.

SWIFT ſays ſomewhere, and I think very well;
 “ If a great man keeps me at a diſtance from him,
 “ he muſt alſo keep himſelf at a diſtance from
 “ me;” and undoubtedly he means, that he will admit no man’s familiarity upon unequal terms: yet there is a diſagreeable circumſtance attending this caſe; I mean that this ſorry great man will infallibly conſider the diſtance between you and him as altogether the effect of his own act, and that if you are not about him it is becauſe he will not let you.

CCCCLVI.

IT unfortunately happens, that moſt of the cenſures on great men are paſſed by little men; and do we not ſometimes miſtake in ourſelves the effect of pride and envy, even for that of virtuous indignation?

CCCCLVII.

WHAT ſatisfaction have you in the diſcourſe of others, about what you happen to be minutely acquainted

acquainted with yourself? what faith then should you have in that which is about what you are not minutely acquainted with yourself?

CCCCLVIII.

It is equally true of any part you are to play in the world, as of any particular game that depends upon manual dexterity, as tennis, cricket, and billiards; that it is less difficult to play well when you are a-head and likely to win, than when you are behind and likely to lose.

CCCCLIX.

WE often judge better of a thing, before reasoning upon it than after.

CCCCLX.

A FISH will sometimes with pleasure rise out of his element, and spring into ours: so a man will sometimes with pleasure rise from prejudice and falsehood, into the sphere of reason and truth. But the fish will most naturally and joyfully dive again into his element of water; and the man as joyfully and naturally into his element of prejudice and falsehood.

CCCCLXI.

As there are mines in the earth which men possess without knowing it; so are there often qualities and perfections of the mind.

I REMEMBER a ridiculous scene in one of our plays, where a foolish servant maid takes up a guitar

guitar of her old master's, and wonders to find that she cannot bring any tunes out of it; there are tunes in it she is sure, for she has heard several fetched out of it by her master; why then cannot she fetch them out? Is not this guitar an emblem of our own minds? Is there not a capacity in us of giving and receiving the most delicious sensations, a harmony which may for ever lie dormant for want of the artist's skill to produce it? Nay, may we not go yet farther, are not strings sometimes touched, and powers of sensation awakened in us, which we ourselves did not know to exist?

CCCCLXII.

FREE-THINKER—What a term of honour; or, if you will, dishonour! but where is he that can claim it?

CCCCLXIII.

THE same quality may be delightful in one man, and disgusting in another: one man may have a light that wants a shade, another a shade that wants a light.

CCCCLXIV.

WE often palliate and conceal a fault from ourselves, just as we do from another.

CCCCI.XV.

A MAN of great cunning, art, and insinuation, may be compared to a high-formed horse at Newmarket, which, if unknown, may get an estate;

estate ; but if known, will get less than a much worse—he will never be matched.

CCCCLXVI.

THERE are men, it is true, who will talk and reason with you agreeably and satisfactorily ; if self-love is their *first* principle, you will at least allow, that reason is their *second* : if you are not satisfied with this, and insist on reason's being the *first*, and self-love the *second*, all that can be said is, that you are an unconscionable man, and never will be satisfied.—What ! would you take your enemy to your breast ? embrace that reason which will destroy you ?

CCCCLXVII.

HAVE you never seen a strange unconnected deformed representation of a figure, which seen in another point of view, became proportioned and agreeable ? It is the picture of man.

CCCCLXVIII.

SELF-LOVE often preys on itself.

YOU will not buy that estate, that house, that horse—"it is blown upon." You want it ? "Yes ;" and it is worth the money ? "It is blown upon."—Fools that we are ! is it then not enough that we cheat others, but we must cheat ourselves too ! You laugh, TIMOLEON, at the absurdity, and—you will commit it.

TIMOLEON is generally allowed to be notable
and

and keen, one who *knows what he is about*, and possesses that useful knowledge *how to take care of one*; yet I myself know three slips of his making. He had a good picture which was worth four hundred pounds; he asked five for it a considerable time, and was forced at last to sell it for three: he had a match at tennis offered him, in which he would have had about two bisques the advantage, but wanted half fifteen and refused it: he might have run his horse at Newmarket where he would have had four or five pounds the best of it, but did not because he could not get seven or eight: and I live in the hopes of hearing that he has missed of some snug and convenient estate, because—"it is blown upon."

CCCCLXIX.

LET us not expect men to see truth, *before* it is shewn them; they do not see it *afterwards*.

CCCCLXX.

How seldom is generosity perfect and pure! how often do men give because it throws a certain inferiority on those who receive, and superiority on themselves!

CCCCLXXI.

CAN man be incorrigible with so much *love* for virtue!

CCCCLXXII.

THERE are faults which do not seem to require

quire amendment; nay, they almost seem to change their very essence, to become virtues, and inspire other men with a kind of affection for them as soon as they discover in us the consciousness of having them.

CCCCLXXIII.

THERE are sometimes beauties in a character which would never have appeared but for a defect, and defects which would never have appeared but for a beauty.

CCCCLXXIV.

WERE the hunter, the shooter, the politician, the virtuoso, to learn exactly what part of his pleasure was produced by the hunting, the shooting, the politics, and the *virtù*, he would, perhaps, be much surprized: were the collateral springs of pleasure cut off, how strangely might his keenness abate!

CCCCLXXV.

LOVE, like many other things, has its contraries; it dies away, and it lives for ever.

CCCCLXXVI.

COURAGE is oftener allied to vice, than cowardice to virtue.

CCCCLXXVII.

WE are generally obliging and serviceable to others, in proportion as they do not want the favour.

O

CCCCLXXVIII.

CCCCLXXVIII.

IT is not how great or good your understanding or mind, any more than how pure the metal of your coin; it is whether they are admitted as current standard by others, that will be worth your consideration.

CCCCLXXIX.

WHEN we are very young, we suppose a certain taste, a certain sensibility in others, which, in fact, is only in our own minds; when old, we do not always suppose even that taste and sensibility in others, which they really have.

CCCCLXXX.

WHAT are so different as sensuality and sentiment? and yet how often is the former mistaken for the latter!

CCCCLXXXI.

IF the world likes you at all, despise it, and it will like you a great deal.

CCCCLXXXII.

IT is a rule liable, I fear, to very few exceptions, that a popular man is either a groveling man or an artful one.

CCCCLXXXIII.

IF we were to judge of great application to the improvement of the understanding by the example of many men, we should say, that man lost ground in the *practice* of sense, in proportion as he had advanced in the *theory* of it.

CCCCLXXXIV.

CCCCLXXXIV.

IF no man was to be allowed to censure an excess in another, who was himself guilty of the contrary one, what a sudden dearth of moralists and critics should we have in the world !

CCCCLXXXV.

IT is well known, and not at all strange, that if you are about to learn to dance of a good master, you had better not have learnt to dance at all than of a bad one : is not this equally true with respect to the improvements of the mind ?

CCCCLXXXVI.

THERE may be two pictures of the same person, one handsome, the other ugly, and yet both like the original : it is the same thing in the accounts we have of men and things ; let us then “ with caution trust them.”

CCCCLXXXVII.

IT is a mistake to imagine, that libertinism in women must proceed from too much sensibility ; it proceeds very often, I believe, from too little.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

IT is unhappy for both parties, when there are neither so few charms as to make us break a connection, nor so many as to make us keep it up with satisfaction.

CCCCLXXXIX.

I KNOW not whether actual dishonesty may

not sometimes be nearer allied to exalted virtue, than actual honesty.

CCCCXC.

GENEROSITY would act oftener, if she was oftener trusted : and what a striking proof of it does lord Clarendon give us in the instance of lord Digby's discovering himself to Sir J. Hotham !

CCCCXCI.

WHAT a nicety, what a care, what an attention to every circumstance of a case, which is regularly laid before you as a judge ! what precipitation, what confidence, in the decision of a case that is not laid before you as a judge !

CCCCXCII.

To walk well, you must see well ; to act well, must you not judge well ?——what fruits then are we to expect from a perverted understanding ? and who will advance, that sense is not the guide to virtue ?

CCCCXCIII.

A PENETRATING man is a man of whom his acquaintance will every now and then say, they wonder that one who generally talks like a man of sense should advance so great an absurdity.

CCCCXCIV.

WHAT crouds of people to whom it would be the greatest paradox, that a fine voice is not the

the first requisite for a fine finger, and fine features not the first requisite for true beauty.

CCCCXCV.

PREJUDICE and lunacy have certainly very different *causes*, but I think in *effect* they are the same: the madman will talk rationally on all subjects, except that which has a particular connection with his malady; and the prejudiced man will talk irrationally on the subject that is connected with his prejudice; so that, if I must distinguish prejudice from lunacy, I can only say, that prejudice is a perversion of the understanding which is more difficult to be cured.

CCCCXCVI.

A GOOD heart is the *sine qua non* of true agreeableness; but true agreeableness is by no means the necessary consequence of a good heart.

CCCCXCVII.

HE who commits an offence may not only be said to deserve all the blame of his own act, but great part of the blame which another's resentment of it may incur, because of this resentment also he is the original cause.

CCCCXCVIII.

IT may be thought a paradox, yet I believe it is a truth, that the application to reason by argument is, of all other methods, the least likely to convince men of an error, and produce a change in their opinion. Arguments are opposed

fed by a kind of instinctive impulse, and the mind necessarily fortifies itself in exerting its utmost force to resist an attack. But if you laugh at the absurdity, and treat it with an air of superiority and neglect, as the attack is not made by reason, the defence will not be attempted by sophistry : the mind will of course become willing to relinquish an opinion that exposes it to ridicule, and will then naturally consider it with impartiality ; nay, it will even be induced to give that up as indefensible, which is treated as unworthy of a serious confutation. Thus the most natural and obvious place to assault a town is the gate, yet the best forces are always collected there for its defence ; some skilful commanders therefore have sometimes succeeded by making the attack at a place less apparently fit to enter at, but where there was less preparation for defence.

CCCCXCIX.

IT is not very uncommon for women to know they are plain ; but it is very uncommon for such women not to behave as if they were handsome.*

D.

I SEE you are flattered, I see you are pleased, LYCÆUS ; yet believe me Amelia only took you in her way ; all those pretty airs, all that coquetry was only meant to display and exhaust itself.

* The behaviour here meant is a certain coquetry with men.

Do you know, LYCÆUS, that Amelia disputed with me the day after you saw her, that it was Cleon she had conversed with, not LYCÆUS.

DI.

AVARO is one of those necessary evils, called a pains-taking, fortune getting, fortune-destroying man of business; one who does not admit the *si possis bene* into his *credo*. He amasses gold, he snatches it from the bags of the rich, he extracts it even from indigence itself, and then rolls himself in the precious heap. He is a true digger of gold, a toiler, a mole that works under ground in the dark, who hates the light and sees not in it. His *summum bonum* is muddling in parchments, in the offals of dulness and tastelessness. Talk to AVARO of generous raptures, social endearments, and exquisite and reciprocal delight which is enjoyed only in proportion as it is communicated, and your language will be as unintelligible to AVARO as that of an inhabitant of Saturn would be to you. AVARO rises from bed almost with his pen in his hand, and quits it only to lie down and dream of it; he wears his night-gown both morning and afternoon, so that you would believe, whenever you went to see him, that he had that day taken physic. He will almost persuade you to believe with the Mahometans, that some of the human species have no souls. But if indeed AVARO has a soul, how different is it from that of lovely CAMILLA, or noble PHOR-

MIO ! AVARO knows PHORMIO, and says, shaking his head, " PHORMIO is a young man, I
 " have a poor opinion of him, he knows very
 " little of business."

DII.

I DINED the other day with PHRYNE, and I have hardly seen any thing so sentimental, so soft, and so refined as herself, and every thing that was about her : some people might, perhaps, say of the whole, that it was *Outré* ; but possibly they might have no taste for what they presumed to censure. Her house was the very pink of elegance : her chairs, her tables, her glasses, her picture-frames, and, above all, her sofa was Chinese ; deliciously Chinese ! There was a certain languour that accompanied every thing she said ; she professed against every thing that was boisterous, and for every thing that was sentimental. She had been formerly accused, perhaps maliciously, of some affairs in which she had mixed something somewhat gross and material with what was spiritual and refined : but even supposing this imputation to be true, she is now most dyingly sentimental, excessively refined, I had almost said romantic in her religion ; so spiritual, that she seems already to have divested herself of all terrestrial ideas. " Divested herself ? her house
 " then—her Sofa, her—— ?" True, she indulges herself in those innocent, those mental amusements, and why not ? do they not assist her in the
 exercise

exercise and improvement of her mind? for here she now acquires all the delicacy of sentiment that books or refined conversation can bestow, and she wants not the influence of either. The poor deluded gross multitude say, that PHRYNE is ridiculous, that the same romantic turn, the same weakness of mind, in every respect the same spirit which was formerly displayed upon lovers and operas, has, now the best of the lovers are gone, run up into this elevated purity. They say too, that she is on the high-road to Methodism, and will in a short time——perhaps by the first summer days——arrive at it; and indeed, as to myself, I must confess, I perceived something of a contradiction in PHRYNE—alas! who among us is without? She was most exemplary, and indeed elevated in her discourse; the purity of seraphic love, the divine excellence of virtue, and the horrid deformity of sensuality and vice, were her everlasting topics. Alas! from what an humble distance did I look up to the celestial PHRYNE! and yet I observed that a poor lady, a relation who was supported by her charity—according to her wicked enemies, by her pride—was often reminded of her situation, and used pretty cavalierly: this I confess did appear to me a contradiction.

DIII.

How difficult to follow is the line of truth, with the greatest perspicacity of wisdom and vir-

tue! what then with the blindness of prejudice and self-interest! The man you blindfold and bid walk straight an hundred yards, will probably be much surprized to find himself so strangely wide of his intended mark, as he certainly will be when the bandage is taken off his eyes; and should not we, think you, be surprized to find how wide we are of that line of truth if our bandage was taken off? But how dissimilar are the two cases! In the first the bandage is put on by another, and the man expects to be *a little* wide of the straight path; but in the last, we put it on ourselves, and expect to walk *perfectly true*. Nay, strange imagination! we begin by putting on this bandage, and then believe we have it not on; we chuse to go in the dark, and, like Lord Peter swearing his loaf was a shoulder of mutton, we swear we have nothing at all on our eyes, that we see perfectly well, and damn heartily all those that contradict us.

DIV.

FONTENELLE, I remember, says somewhere, “ Non seulement nous n’avons pas en nous des principes qui menent au vrai, mais nous en avons aussi qui s’accomodent du faux; ” but what if, instead of *faux*, his word had been *contraire*!

DV.

You may fail to shine, in the opinion of others,
both

both in your conversation and actions, from being superior, as well as inferior, to them.

DVI.

THOUGH beauty is, with the most apt similitude, I had almost said with the most literal truth, called a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity ; yet there is, methinks, a kind of beauty which lives even to old age ; a beauty that is not *in* the features, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *shines through them*. As it is not merely *corporeal* it is not the object of mere *sense*, nor is it to be discovered but by persons of true taste and refined sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility, nice touches of delicacy, sense, and even virtue, which, like the master traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes that are captivated with vivid colours and gaudy decorations. There are emanations of the mind, which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the *form* of beauty with a *living soul*. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth, is but a “ kneaded clod ;” and with this, the features that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, an inexpressible charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive,

DVII.

It has often been said, that the beauties of the mind are valuable because they are more lasting than those of the body ; but I do not remember

to have heard it said, that the beauties of the mind are valuable because they make those of the body more lasting.

DVIII.

THEY who have no idea of the charms of solitude, will, I believe, have but an imperfect one of the raptures of society.

YES, said PUBLIUS, I say solitude. "I understand you; you approve a little of it sometimes, a single friend in a contemplative retirement, which I call a milder society, and so do I too." But I say I love solitude, absolute solitude——"Well, I can't help it."—The word and the idea fright you, you beg to be excused, you desire not to be left more than a few minutes to no other company than your own ruminations; and when I talk of the charms of this horror, you start with amazement; you cannot conceive how I can delight in a total absence from the endearments of a pleasing company of people, shooting away from "the human face divine," and wandering with pensive and solitary steps to the deepest and most sequestered part of pathless woods: believe then the novelty upon the word of a friend, and learn that this is sometimes one of my most delicious satisfactions. But do you then really never think? Yes, say you, very often. But how, and how far? Do you ever seek and pursue truth? examine, compare, divide, suspect

suspect your own ideas? do you look for what *is*? You do? I will not contradict it; and yet believe me, they who say they do, nay, they who believe they do, are often strangely mistaken; prejudice, pride, and self-love, are most deluding syrens which are always at hand, ready to detain the unwary traveller, and few escape them; whether it be that their curiosity to follow truth is weak, or that they are weary of a journey which affords them little entertainment. But you say you listen not to them, and neither will I contradict this. But do you indeed feel that superior satisfaction, that more than earthly sensation which thrills in my breast, when I give a loose to the ardour of imagination, and towering above all terrestrial ideas pierce into the regions of reality, farther and farther still, till I have quite forgot that I am a frail mortal standing in a lone wood, and fettered by every sublunary attachment which I had just despised and forgotten? Even while I speak, the sacred impulse throbs within me, reflection rises upon reflection, and I will indulge them. What is true? what is false? what am I? what have I been? what shall I be? What has been told me about these things? Let me not regard it—let me weigh TRUTH in a just balance, and hold the scale for myself. Yes! I rejoice in my lone thoughts, I rejoice in all the boundless variety of nature; not a bush, a blade, a twig that shoots on the green earth, not a ray of
that

that animating fire which streams from above, but fills my soul with satisfaction. I participate in silence the joys of surrounding nature, which rise in unison with my own; nature corresponding with congenial nature!—With thee, O sacred solitude! the noise and tumult of the distant world is heard but as the buzz of an insect nation that floats upon the breeze, a sound which is despised by man as a superior being, and forgotten as soon as it ceases to be heard. I am lifted up from this globe of earth, and see it roll huge and rapid at my feet, see it mingled with its fellow-planets, taking its mechanic round, with all its toiling swarms upon it, encircled with clouds that falsehood colours with a thousand dyes, now obscured by the glooms of ignorance, now enlightened with the oblique rays of opinion, which the deluded multitude mistake for knowledge——I see it all——yes, I see it so as almost to realize the vision; and, believe me, that very vigour of fancy which carries us beyond the precincts of this world, can alone give us the most elegant and lively perception of those social raptures that are sometimes found in it.

HIPPIAS is one of those gay young gentlemen who is called very lively and agreeable: he has a little smattering of every thing, and enjoys nothing; he loves an opera, plays himself upon the harpsichord,

harpichord, and the most light and trivial passages of music are constantly his favourites; those that have a deeper meaning he rejects as dull and spiritless, still declaring for *mirth* even in his music. Nay, if you were to ask his opinion about the deepest, as well as the finest tragedy that SHAKESPEARE ever wrote, his word would certainly be, that it was a very *pretty* tragedy. All solitude, you may be sure, he detests, because he detests all thought; nor is it possible to make him comprehend that the same cause which produces this indisposition to solitude, produces also an incapacity to enjoy the best pleasures of society. HIPPIAS is a kind of beau, he loves the town, gaiety, dress; and little does he suspect that he enjoys neither: his equipage, servants, and living, are all ill understood; and if he could be made to conceive for a moment the peculiar niceties and refinements of which each is capable, he would be compelled to confess that even in his favourite amusements he had wanted all that was worth having. He is indeed always *merry*, but he was never *happy*; and if you *know how to laugh*, he will almost make you *cry*. “But he loves the ladies.” Yes, but what ladies? and how far does he love them? not one meaning grace ever broke in upon the soul of HIPPIAS! “O! but he is gallant!”—yes, he is an excellent sportsman in gallantry; he loves the chase—he desires not the death.

DIX.

DIX.

It is sometimes happy to have done wrong ; for I know not whether that very offence which is so destructive to common connections, may not strengthen such as have reason and true delicacy for their basis ; as the very place where a bone has been broken and well set, if the constitution is good, becomes stronger than any other part.

DX.

CASUAL disagreements have been considered as springs that give new force to love ; and I believe they are so. Yet as a spring too frequently or too forcibly used, remains at the place to which it is drawn back instead of flying forwards ; so lovers will find, that disagreements, if they are too frequent, will at length lose their elasticity and impel to love no more.

DXI.

THERE seems to be something satisfactory resulting from almost every defect in human nature, and it is in that satisfaction, methinks, that all the endearing refinements of society consist : there are a thousand little and undefinable delicacies in our conversation, our looks, and even gestures, arising from these defects, which mutually require to be understood and returned. Nay, there are little indulgences due to these defects, which the well disposed and well conceiving mind feels a want to bestow as well as to receive, and will
be

be uneasy and dissatisfied till an opportunity offers to do it; and hence that first of concerts, the play and harmony of according minds!

DXII.

EXTREAMS meet. It seems difficult, therefore, to pronounce, whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plough-man at the bottom, labours hardest.

DXIII.

I HAVE often thought that though dress may justly be called a trivial thing in itself, yet that it deserved more the consideration of a philosopher than is generally imagined, as being no inconsiderable or unfaithful index of the mind. Those who see accurately, will certainly discover a connection between many particulars in a man's dress, and his peculiar disposition, temper, and turn of thought, supposing his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manner of others, which must be first well considered: and after all, a great variety of particulars must be examined before a certain judgment can be made; for there is such a thing as being above dress (in general or particular) and being equal to it, and being below it. However, a discerning eye will very often discover strong indications of character in dress; and it seems as if the same principle that directs a man

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in the cloathing of his body, directs him also in the furnishing not only his house but his mind.

IF you ever met with TRASIMOND, you certainly met with dirt in conjunction with embroidery, and shew without taste. He generally wears a coat that is pretty nearly covered with gold or silver; and provided the colour, the little colour that appears, be a *flaming one*, that is all he cares for. He very seldom washes his hands or face, or cleans his teeth, or commits any other cleanly act: and indeed were he to clean himself ever so much, he would *look* at least almost as dirty as if he did not; for his complexion happens to be black, and white, and yellow, and it is much set off by a huge white bag-wig, white in its natural colour, and white by being loaded with powder. If other people tie their bags low, it is more than probable that TRASIMOND's will be above his poll; and if their wigs are dressed short, his will hang upon his shoulders. Not that TRASIMOND affects this; he does it naturally: not a duck goes more by instinct into water, than TRASIMOND into whatever happens to be wrong. TRASIMOND is scarce twenty eight years old; but for any advantage his person or character receives from that delightful age, he might just as well be one hundred and twenty eight. Thus say the women, and I believe them: he seems to prove, that youth charms us less merely as youth, than by the manner with which it is set off. But

TRASI-

TRASIMOND's mind is all of a piece, and the false taste which he manifests at so great an expence in his dress, he manifests in every thing else. If he hums a tune, depend upon it, it will be without meaning or feeling, or else, that both will be expressed in the wrong place. If he reads to you, he will always stop wrong, place the emphasis wrong, and very likely pronounce wrong. If he gives an entertainment, you may safely conclude before-hand that every one of his innumerable and enormous dishes will be dressed what the French call, *a la diable*. I met TRASIMOND the other day in his chariot; it was of a strange shape, painted of a nasty blue, and gilt with a gingerbread gilding; his horses were ugly, lean and dirty, but their natural colour was white, and they had long tails: the coachman I remembered to have been his under gardener, and the footman was an old fat blackmoor. TRASIMOND was dressed in a tawdry green coat, bedaubed all over with silver; his great white periwig covered his head; that part of his person which had no other covering, was covered with dirt; and as he stepped out, I observed he had dirty white threadstockings on. He is bow-legg'd, and squat in his figure; and as he waddled along he seemed to be a very odd kind of creature—something between a man and a parrot.

DXIV.

STRANGE and melancholy reflection! MIL-

TON lay half a century mixed with all the senseless writers of the times, neglected and despised ! *MOLIERE's* and *CONGREVE's* best plays were condemned, while many poultry performances were extolled by men whose understandings are esteemed to be of the first class ! O man, thou reasonable creature ! which way dost thou shew thy reason ? But, say you, no such absurdity can justly be imputed to me, or to *Hillarius*, or to *Timoleon* : perhaps not ; but suppose it might, do you think that you would be less inclined to trust *Hillarius*, or *Timoleon*, or yourself, afterwards ? and do you really think that the *same creature* will not be liable to act in the *same manner at all times* ? Yes, believe me, call man a prejudiced creature, or an inconsistent creature ; but never a rational creature, or a consistent one.

DXV.

So distinct in man are character and reason, that we are often urged by reason to laugh at ridiculous things, in the character even of ourselves. This puts me in mind of having seen unmixed in the same glass, two liquors of different colours.

DXVI.

THERE are, methinks, two sorts of understandings : one naturally and almost mechanically comprehends two objects at once, the effect and the cause, and is dissatisfied with the first, whatever

ever it be, till it sees the second ; the other sees only the first, and seeks not, wants not to see the second : the last of these understandings may see truth oftener than the first, but the first will certainly mistake falsehood for truth seldomer.

DXVII.

WE judge of others from ourselves. Source of knowledge ! source of error !

DXVIII.

IT by no means follows, that because two men utter the same words, they have precisely the same idea which they mean to express : language is inadequate to the variety of ideas which are conceived by different minds, and which, could they be expressed, would produce a new variety of characteristic differences between man and man. From this deficiency of language flow innumerable mistakes ; for when I tell you such a thing was pleasing or displeasing, delicate or indelicate, proper or improper, and so in a great or a little degree, there are no words that peculiarly belong to my ideas, which though they may be *generically* the same with yours, may be *specifically* different ; and hence, perhaps, you may give me credit for tastes which I possess either not at all, or very imperfectly. Would not this consideration be worth attending to ? and might it not be of use to us, if we could constantly carry it about us to be ready whilst we read or hear ?

DXIX.

NOTHING is more manifest, than that there is a *certain equality* to which all men have a natural right, unless it be their meanness in giving it up.

CLARA aims at the character of one of our impertinent fine ladies ; she has handsome features without true beauty, but is really capricious, ignorant and insolent : nay, CLARA is not a good actress of the vile part she has chosen for herself ; her airs are not of the first kind : I see others indeed are of a different opinion, but I think she plays imperfectly what I too would admire as good acting were it such. But see the court, the attention, the homage of those crowds of servile wretches, all encouraging the not less mean CLARA in her overbearing impertinence ! and is it possible not to moralize, not to be shocked at so general a manifestation of abjectness, innate abjectness of the human species ? Though you should offer your protest, what will your single opposition avail against this multitude ? You speak to CLARA ; she either answers you or not, just as whim or the place you happen to be in prompts her : if you bow to her, she is very capable of staring you in the face and not returning you the compliment, or of doing even worse by returning it in such a manner as shall render even her civility an impertinence ; and if you bow to her again she will do the same, nay and she will then do

do right, for then you will certainly deserve it. CLARA talks louder and longer than any person in her company; and the want of freedom is supplied by impudence, of dignity by insolence, and of gracefulness by confidence: she has no parts; but her own forwardness, and the mean encouragement of others, give her something that has sometimes an appearance of them; for as she talks incessantly and fearlessly, she sometimes stumbles upon combinations of thought which are not without propriety and connection. There are many proofs of the strange divisibility of matter; CLARA will give you a proof of the strange divisibility of thought; for after she has talked almost incessantly for three hours, I'll engage that you shall say every thing you can recollect of her discourse in three minutes. CLARA is however in great fashion, and have I not given sufficient reasons for her being so? SILIA admires CLARA beyond expression; but SILIA was not born to be of her set, and she is too low, too desirous to get into it, ever to succeed. Nothing can be more curious than the commerce between CLARA and SILIA; while one exercises every superiority which the advantages I have enumerated so fairly bestow, the other exercises every inferiority the disadvantages of her situation as necessarily imply: but SILIA's great principle is perseverance, condescending perseverance; she is quite a female philosopher, no slight scours or mortifies her, and the

favour of one minute amply atones for the neglect of many days : CLARA triumphs with all the despotism of an Eastern monarch ; and SILIA obeys with all the servility of an Eastern subject. It is quite curious to see this pair so different and so like : yes, if nature or fate had changed their situations, you may without trial swear, that SILIA would have been CLARA, and CLARA SILIA.

DXX.

To say, with LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, that “ in the adversity of our best friends there is “ something that does not displease us ; ” and to say, that in the prosperity of our best friends there is something that does not please us, seems to be the same thing : yet, I believe, the first is false, and the latter true.

DXXI.

It does not follow that of two men he who acts worst has the worst heart, or the contrary. There are men, methinks, whose ill-actions we might rather pity than blame ; as there are men whose good actions we rather do not blame than positively commend. Some men possess numberless perfections, which, if one single impediment, one obstructing imperfection was removed, would, like water gushing from a rich spring, not only adorn but fertilize all around them. There are others whose apparent good qualities,
restrained

restrained by no single impediment, flow into many streams and fetch a wide compass; but the spring whence they are derived being poor, the water is of little use, and therefore can have beauties only to those who are deceived by its appearance, and are strangers to its nature.

DXXII.

THERE is a short and easy method with things, which we do not taste or comprehend—condemning them: and if this method is not universally adopted, let us at least do justice to mankind, and acknowledge, that the reason is by no means our disapprobation of it, but the inconvenience that sometimes would arise from the practice of it.

DXXIII.

IHAVE long remarked, that the first movement of the mind, at least of the little mind, on seeing any piece of literature is to condemn; and that commendation is at best but the second, and generally only an echo of the commendation of others: but I cannot help thinking that what the little mind thus condemns aloud, it secretly approves, perhaps admires, and condemns even for that reason. That it approves and admires, seems to be the necessary consequence of discovering an effect of an understanding superior to its own; and that it condemns, seems to be as necessary a consequence of an unwillingness to allow a merit to others which it cannot claim for itself;

itself; for it will readily be allowed, that there are few literary performances which nine in ten of those who condemn do not feel themselves unable to have produced: thus then these little minds conclude, and perhaps not always without reason, that what they withhold from another they gain for themselves.

DXXIV.

HONOUR may, perhaps, be defined honesty, and something more; *Discernment*, sense, and something more; *Candour*, impartiality, and something more; *Taste*, knowledge, and something more; *Generosity*, equity, and something more; *Delicacy*, generosity, and something more. But if the things themselves are rare, what would the strange man think of the world whose measure of rectitude should be taken from these *some things more!*

DXXV.

A GOOD ear for music, and a *taste* for music, are two very different things which are often confounded; and so is *comprehending* and *enjoying* every object of sense and sentiment.

DXXVI.

THERE are three kinds of returns for injuries; abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best: yet, however different they may be in themselves, the
dignity

dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions, that you may perhaps be forced upon the second, purely to prove that you did not stoop to the first.

DXXVII.

MENALCAS is called an œconomist; and when he is to give, it is a rule with him that it shall always be a little *under* what it ought to be: GREMIO is not called an œconomist; and when he is to give, it is a rule with him that it shall always be a little *above* what it need be. Why does one or the other give at all? certainly in order to do themselves just honour, and preserve their own credit and reputation: is MENALCAS then, or GREMIO the œconomist?

DXXVIII.

THE first thing the enamel painter has to do, is to prepare his plate for the reception of the colours he is to lay upon it. It will be of little consequence how well he draws, or how beautifully he blends his tints, if the least part of that preparation is omitted: and it will be found, that the success of his art depended much more on the disposition of the subject, than the power of his agency. Does not this case of the painter illustrate that of the moralist? How much more depends upon the disposition of those that hear, than upon the abilities of him that speaks?

DXXIX.

DXXIX.

I SCARCE know any thing so ridiculous as what is called a paper war, whether public or private : each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which seem unanswerable and irresistible to himself, but for the same reason have no effect upon his antagonist ; for both are so far from weighing the allegations that make against themselves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport : thus each combatant attacks the very place that is covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable ; each wearies himself with striking, and each is astonished that his blows are not felt. “ D——n the blockhead,” says he, “ he is as “ insensible as a stone ! you may as well beat “ a stockfish, or make passes against a brick “ wall.”

DXXX.

You blame men for being offended at criticisms on their performances ; but if you expect me to blame them too, shew me at least the critic who has been delicate enough to attack the work without the least attack on the author.

DXXXI.

I KNOW nothing that so clearly proves the arbitrariness of our ideas of handsome and ugly, of right and wrong, as fashion ; nor any thing
which

which shows in so strong a light, how little the proof of handsome and ugly, right and wrong, from the unvarying principles of truth and nature, is followed by its just consequences.

DXXXII.

WE know almost every thing rather by its accidental than its essential qualities, and therefore are so often deceived by appearances, and so often encourage appearances to deceive us. The keen man at play sinks his winnings, and magnifies his losses, and practises twenty other little artifices, which, though not essential to his character as a keen man at play, are yet the only marks by which that character is generally known; the shrewd jockey is continually making mysteries, when there is nothing to conceal; the politician looks important upon the most trivial occasions; and almost every man expresses his particular trade and profession by some insignificant peculiarity in his dress, manner, and dialect: even the man of sense and knowledge will probably talk in terms of art, and join with his sense and knowledge some kind of cant or pedantry. Now, if we were to suppose some strange man to rise up, who should fully possess any excellence without its common but useless appurtenances, by how many, think you, and how soon, would he be found out? It is so long since truth went naked, that she is now known only by her cloathes.

DXXXIII.

Is man a creature of habit, or change? It seems as if we had proof of *both*; as we have, that matter *is* and *is not* infinitely divisible.

DXXXIV.

In this country, every criminal has the privilege of being tried by his peers—but an author.

DXXXV.

WHY is he who possesses generosity *more* offended at the want of it in another, than he who does not possess generosity? not from the advantage that might accrue to himself; for, from the very principle of his generosity, he wishes for any personal advantage *less*. The generous man then must wish others to act generously towards him for their sakes, not his own.

DXXXVI.

THE place where you are used to be happy with your mistress, always pleases you more than any other. Thus do we prize numberless other things, *indifferent* in themselves, merely from their connection with what is useful or pleasing. Of this we have the strongest instance in money; we prize money by having habitually connected with it the idea of every temporal blessing, without immediately considering it not as an *end*, but a *means*: nay, the very blessings themselves, from which money derives all its value, are frequently sacrificed to money; and men live and
die

die in the want of *real* advantages, merely for the satisfaction of locking up the *indifferent* guineas which might produce them.

DXXXVII.

SUPPOSE I were to say, that no man has sense that has not been out of his own country, will you not tell me I am very impertinent? yet, if I gave my particular definition of the word *sense*, perhaps you would absolve me. Let me appeal to every sensible man in Great Britain that has been out of it, and ask him what he felt even in the first twenty-four hours after he had landed on the other side of the British channel.

DXXXVIII.

THERE is scarce any passion so heartily decried by moralists and satyrists, as AMBITION; and yet, methinks, ambition is not a vice but in a vicious mind: in a virtuous mind it is a virtue, and will be found to take its colour from the character in which it is mixed. Ambition is a desire of superiority; and a man may become superior, either by making others less or himself greater. It must, indeed, be confessed, that no passion has produced more dreadful effects than ambition; and yet, perhaps, it has been generally decried for that effect which is common to it both as a virtue and a vice, the elevation of another above ourselves. This effect naturally offends little minds rather than great, for
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if ambition is a vice, it is not the vice of little minds ; they do not aim to surpass others, and yet repine with inexorable malignity at being surpassed. The great, when they mention ambition, do it rather as if they were studious to make an apology for themselves, than to bring disgrace upon others.

DRYDEN calls it,

“ The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

And lord CLARENDON says, “ if ambition is a vice, it loves to grow in a rich soil.” As to myself, I confess, that I see some men, in whom I honour ambition ; and others, in whom I most heartily despise it.

CLEONTES is one of those ambitious men who does not, I think, quite reach the second class, though by himself, and perhaps many of his friends, he may be placed in the first. He is, if you will, a man of sense ; that is, he is steady, exact, and laborious : nay, he is not without invention and ingenuity ; for labour and diligence, though they do not always accompany ingenuity, have been sometimes known to produce it ; or at least something which could scarce be distinguished from it. CLEONTES is a politician, and whatever abilities he possesses all are employed upon politics ; politics seems to be not only the great object of his life, but the only one : he is, however, by no means one of those MASTERS who practise

practise the art they profess almost spontaneously; who excel without labour, who are conscious to so much ease and negligence in their operations that they scarce admire the perfection they produce, and who readily allow the professors of other arts their due merit. Are you a philosopher? if you are, you may perhaps smile to read, in CLEONTES'S countenance, a full conviction that he has arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection. Perseverance is the art by which he has ascended many steps in the *ladder of ambition*; and attained, if not *the top-most* round, yet an agreeable elevation—an honourable and lucrative employment. CLEONTES now feels his importance; his wishes, instead of diminishing, increase; he heartily subscribes to the old proverb, *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. Yes, says he, in his soliloquies, I will advance, I will still climb: shall I not exert my faculties to the utmost? shall I be left behind to grovel with the inferior world? shall I not rather struggle and mount with the foremost of those that mount? Yes, CLEONTES, mount; let emulation still urge you to ascend; shew the world you have a soul that is equal to elevation. But what is elevation? true elevation is that superiority to which we are directed by nature. CLEONTES is ambitious and a politician; he delights in the character, and yet surely he does not follow nature. If he does, however great he now is, or hereafter may be, he

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will never be the object of my admiration, for he will be great only as a politician ; he is absorbed in politics ; he is a kind of state packhorse, pleased while he plods on with the gingle of his bells. Politics is his delight, though it is his labour ; nay, I had almost said it was his meat and drink : he is intoxicated with politics ; he is a miser, and always counting to himself his political store : even while he seems to resign himself to the most pleasing avocations of society, he is still ruminating on political “ stratagems and spoils ;” and for this he flatters himself, and is flattered by others, with imputed greatness and elevation. But alas ! CLEONTES has never once risen to any thing higher or more endearing than politics ; he has no relish for any of those refined endearments of which humanity is susceptible : he has sense, but it is not that exalted sense whose objects are fine and delicate in proportion as its own nature is exquisite and penetrating ; it does not rise with the subtle activity of a pure spirit, which, urged by a generous fire, leaves the gross elements behind. He knows, indeed, many of the concords of human nature when they have a sensible effect, and can even discover some before that effect is produced ; but he knows as little of those discords which resolve into harmony, as he does of the last refinements of harmony itself. Every elegance of nature is despised by CLEONTES as inferior to the acquirements of his *calling*. CLEON-

TES rarely feels that man is SOCIAL ; never does he reflect, that from society, in its best acceptation, arise not only the most refined pleasures of humanity, but the most exalted virtues.

DXXXIX.

PRIDE is a virtue——let not the moralist be scandalized——pride is also a vice. Pride, like ambition, is sometimes virtuous and sometimes vicious, according to the character in which it is found, and the object to which it is directed. As a principle it is the parent of almost every virtue, and every vice, every thing that pleases and displeases in mankind ; and as the effects are so very different, nothing is more easy than to discover, even to ourselves, whether the pride that produces them is virtuous or vicious. The first object of virtuous pride is rectitude, and the next independence ; the vices that fear avoids as incurring punishment, pride avoids as degrading the dignity of man ; the support and satisfaction which meanness is content to receive from others, pride glories to derive from itself. It concedes not only with the same pleasure, but the same dignity with which it demands and acquires ; for it is modest though not mean, and though elevated not assuming. It not only hates but disdains falsehood, with all its little artifices to avoid disgrace and pass for truth : as its honour is better founded than in the opinion of others, it is superior both to neglect and adulation ; as it nei-

ther talks nor acts with a view of arrogating more than is due to itself, or of granting more than is due to others, it does not vary with varying companies or places; nay, it pleases others not only in what it gives, but in what it gains from them. If you are a great man, this principle will not only give you true content, but even procure you the approbation of others; and if you are not a great man, it will either procure you that approbation, or convince you that you do not want it. Such are the characteristics of true pride! those of false pride are just the contrary.

DXL.

As it is often only the vicious part that displeases in those virtuous characters which are indiscriminately said to be displeasing, so it is only some weakness in superior characters that we laugh at when we suppose the whole character to be ridiculous. A poet is generally considered as a ridiculous character, and yet there is nothing ridiculous in poetry. It frequently happens that poets, and indeed those who are eminent in any particular branch of literature, have neglected every other accomplishment; they are deformed as a tree is when all the vigour of the root is exerted only on a particular branch. The mathematician, antiquarian, linguist, or poet, is probably as ignorant of all that does not immediately relate to
mathe-

mathematics, antiquities, the languages, or poetry, as an infant ; how then can it be wondered that they are ridiculous ? or how can it be thought that they are ridiculous for what they possess, when it is so plain that they are ridiculous only for what they want ? Did you ever know one instance of a poet or a philosopher, who had the common qualifications of those who are not poets and philosophers, that was not universally distinguished as a superior character, and treated with proportionable respect ? Remember then that even when you laugh at a poet, you ridicule not his excellence but his foible only ; and that in this instance, you are not only more just than others think you, but more just than you think yourself.

DXLI.

It is a mistake to think, that ugliness or deformity are in themselves disgusting : he who begins by saying I am ugly, or I am deformed, immediately reconciles either to our imaginations, and gives the most convincing proof in the world, not only that truth and non-pretension are most amiable in themselves, but even in the estimation of those very men who are pretending and proud — Would you recommend this doctrine to others ? alas ! truth already knows it, and to falsehood it cannot be proved.

DXLII.

How obliging, or at least how satisfactory, is the neglect of some people !

Q 3

DXLIII.

DXLIII.

ARTIS *est celare artem.* True; a man then might be so clever that he would pass for a fool.

DXLIV.

If they who understand the utmost refinement of any art will enjoy the perfection of it in a manner superior to other men, will they not amply pay for that advantage in feeling more than other men the imperfection of it, which in the natural course of things must so much oftener fall in their way?—by this rule, methinks, a man may be supposed to live in almost continual pain from his love of pleasure.

DXLV.

PRAY, Sir, where is the fault? no where; and every where. How often might this answer be made, both to an actor on the stage and in life? and yet, tho' this fault is every where, it might perhaps be easily taken away by the removal of *one* thing; and it's ten to one but affectation or pride is that thing.

DXLVI.

IMPERTINENCE is to dignity, what cunning is to wisdom.

DXLVII.

IT does not follow, that because you are not guilty of impertinence, you possess dignity; or, that because you have no cunning, you are wise: nay, it does not even follow, that because
you

you despise impertinence and cunning, you should, therefore, never practise either. It is one thing, to know the *intrinsic* value of a thing; another, to know the *current* estimation of it.

DXLVIII.

THEY tell you it is wrong? do it again. Still wrong? again. There—now you see it's right.*

DXLIX.

A GENEROUS and delicate man will, methinks, want a certain condescension from his mistress in order to give it her back again.

DL.

IT by no means follows that we acted from reason, because good reasons can be produced for what we did.

DLI.

WHAT a terrible, what an *ordeal* trial would it be, if he only was allowed to be RATIONAL, against whom it could not be proved that he ever *once* refused his assent to what was demonstrable to *his* reason! and yet would not that trial be just?

DLII.

To a delicate and generous mind, the merit of a present will be the freedom with which it is given; and yet there is one present that has me-

* The author's meaning is, that a steady perseverance in doing what others ignorantly suppose to be wrong, will at length convince them that it is right.

rit only in the reluctance with which it is given :
The person we most love.

DLIII.

How often might a very reasonable man, who avoids the extremes of the unreasonable, put one in mind of a vulgar proverb which begins with, " between two stools ? "

DLIV.

THERE is in every thing a going so far to be right, and a little farther to be very right : ask the man of the world who is at the top of his trade, if you must not be a *little* out of the fashion to be *well* in it.

DLV.

THERE are things, perhaps, in which men of an inferior class of understandings are above their superiors ; but unfortunately for them, they have no council among them to plead for them.

DLVI.

WHEN one reflects on the strange blindness of man, which prompts him always to except himself, with respect to faults and failings which he allows to be truly charged upon every other, it fills one with astonishment ; and yet, in the midst of this very astonishment, we again except ourselves from the absurdity which we impute to others, nor are we hurt by the practice of so weak a partiality, even when we reflect upon it. As to myself, indeed, I confess, that it is absolutely

con-

contradictory to every rule of right reason ; and yet I contend that it is natural, and therefore right. It is, like some others, a happy prejudice, which coincides with other imperfections of nature in its present depraved state ; it preserves a general order, tho' of an inferior kind ; or, if I may be allowed the metaphor, keeps a weak and defective instrument in tune, by reducing all the notes to the same scale.

DLVII.

MEN may be divided into two classes, according to the use they make of reason. Some men employ reason, or, as it is more commonly called, SENSE, to defend error by argument ; others employ it, to discover and distinguish truth : the power, therefore, which we call SENSE, may exist without its use ; and it is only valuable, in proportion as the mind is candid dispassionate impartial and unprejudiced. Thus does the power even of the understanding depend upon the will ; and thus VIRTUE is not less necessary than SENSE, to the discovery of truth. Let me be permitted, for distinction's sake, to call this thinking this reasoning principle by two names, as possessed by these two classes of men : let me call it by its common name, SENSE, in the partial, the prejudiced, and the narrow minded, the slaves of superstitious fear and local customs ; and let me call it GENIUS in the free, the bold, the dispassionate seekers after truth,

truth, over whom superstition has no power, and who look upon all customs with equal indifference when they begin to enquire into their propriety : let me also premise, that each class may possess this power which I thus differently name, in the same degree, and yet the effect of its operation may be totally different. This being granted, I proceed to compare SENSE and GENIUS through all their operations.—The eye of GENIUS pierces through the mists of custom and prejudice, and sees things not as they *appear*, but as they *are*; the eye of SENSE pervades not the medium, and therefore sees things not as they *are*, but as they *appear* through it. SENSE is the dupe of its own powers, which are continually exerted to give specious names and honourable titles to the progeny of falsehood ; GENIUS in a moment discovers the fallacy, and spontaneously distinguishes truth. The unalterable nature of GENIUS is to be free, just, and enlarged ; that of SENSE to be enslaved, partial and contracted : GENIUS, often without consideration, fixes upon what is right ; SENSE generally considers only to make choice of what is wrong : GENIUS, when it does consider, always deduces its opinion from reason ; SENSE generally reasons only to defend an opinion already formed : GENIUS is not influenced by the peculiarities of different countries, or men ; SENSE is controuled by both : GENIUS always looks forward, and not only sees what *is*, but what *necessarily*

sarily will be; SENSE, mistaking appearance for reality, builds falsehood upon falsehood, and from present errors deduces future: GENIUS, with respect to subjects that lie beyond its reach, forms probable conjectures by justly comparing what it sees, and allowing for what it knows to be out of sight; SENSE, not perceiving the connection between parts that are seen, and others that are not, proudly concludes that it sees all: GENIUS, therefore, from knowing most, doubts; SENSE from knowing least, decides: GENIUS is always admirable, even when it deviates into error; SENSE often despicable, even when it arrives at truth: GENIUS often appears to SENSE to act wrong, merely by acting right; and while SENSE is tied down by rule, GENIUS soars above it: What SENSE admires, GENIUS despises; and what GENIUS loves, SENSE neglects: GENIUS often sees wisdom or virtue, where SENSE only remarks folly or vice; and the contrary; for GENIUS distinguishes good and bad, however blended; SENSE sees only the predominant quality, and having precipitately determined, will afterwards exaggerate or extenuate either good or bad in favour of that determination: GENIUS necessarily yields to the demonstration which results from contradictions; SENSE, rather than admit demonstration against a favourite opinion, will suppose a thousand contradictions to be consistent: GENIUS prefers
truth

truth, even to itself; SENSE, however it loves truth, always loves itself better. SENSE, like a winged insect, flutters through the mists that surround this dark spot at a small distance from its surface; GENIUS, like a planet, takes a wide circuit through the pure expanse of nature, and visits not regions only, but whole worlds, which SENSE does not know to exist,

DLVIII.

WHAT an excellent composition for truth, could she procure it, if men were to adopt *just half* the consequences of *their own* true principles.

DLIX.

IT is true; perhaps you may be allowed your privilege*: but though the first suggestion of your mind may be to claim it, does not the second urge you to give it up? Are you not rather moved to pity, than to hate, what you acknowledge to be an almost necessary effect of deplorable depravity? nay, will you not rather smile at its malignity, and thus avert its effect? surely this would not only be philosophical but politic. When we arraign others, let us not forget ourselves: let us remember, that if man is irrational, ungenerous and unkind, we are all comprehended in that common name; and let us confess, for our own sakes,

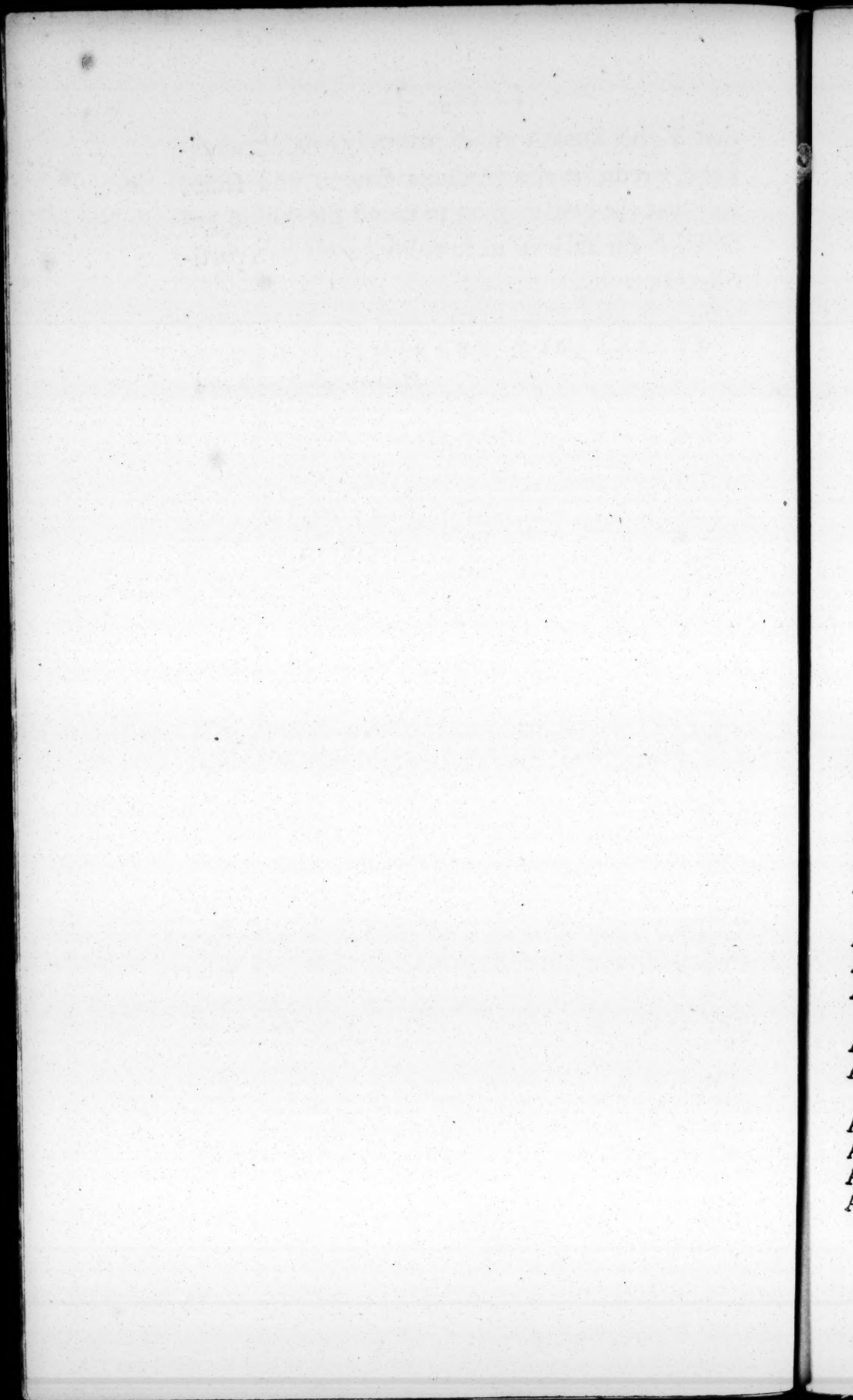
* See number CCXLI.

that if the human mind naturally produces noisome weeds, it also produces flowers and fruit; and that the best method to mend the soil in general, is for each of us to cultivate his own particular spot.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME.

Plutarch of Themistocles.

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